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DREAMLAND.

BY FRANK M. LUMBIE.

Oh, the strangely-fabled land of dreams,
The sunniest, saddest clime,
We are waited there with our cargo of thought,
In the space of a breath of time.

Sometimes the skies are fashioned bright;
The rainbow of joy is there;
But often, too, they are somber-hued,
With the night of dark despair.

Our dreaming fancies lightly span
The stream of memory o'er,
And the care-worn man or woman of life,
Is the care-free child once more.

We revel again in childish glee
With father and mother near;
We gambol beneath the old shade tree,
With little playmates dear.

While yet we quaff the old-time draught,
The chimera of joy has fled,
And a scene of direst woe is ours,
As we stand beside our dead.

Oh, the changeful scenes of vision-land,
We would haste from its courts away!
So oft 'tis filled with the black of night,
That we long for the break of day.

OLD GRIZZLY, The Bear-Tamer:

OR, THE
WILD HUNTRESS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,
AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "THE BLACKFOOT QUEEN; OR, OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW FRIEND.

BIG HAND, the great head chief of the Blackfeet, was the accepted father of Silver Tongue, the most beautiful maiden of the whole tribe. She was about the age of Leaping Elk, and her attractions of person and manner had made her renowned among her people, many of whom had sought her hand; but there was but one who ever touched her heart.

Fleet Foot, the daring son of Iron Heel, had been betrothed to her, and the union was heralded by all as one eminently fit and promising; but, before its accomplishment, Fleet Foot fell in battle, and, as the reader has learned, Iron Heel had adopted Pe-toh-pee-kiss, the Young Eagle, in his stead.

The usual season of mourning followed, and then admirers approached Silver Tongue again; but, she repelled them all, and, so far, no one had yet appeared who bore any prospect of succeeding to the place of her lover dead and gone.

But, there was one who suspected that the fire had been re-kindled, and only needed a little fanning to excite it into the same enduring, glowing flame.

Silver Tongue had seen the Young Eagle when he so gallantly defended his life against the fearful odds in the council square, and Leaping Elk had marked the brightening of her eye as she looked breathlessly on, and his heart was delighted at the thought that he might secure this beautiful maiden for a sister, after all.

To her, therefore, he determined to go, while the fate of his newly-adopted brother hung trembling in the balance, acquaint her with his peril, and implore her intercession with her father in his behalf. He believed she could do much for him, and he held well-grounded fears of the action of the council.

It was a great trial to Leaping Elk to do this, as he held the wonderful maiden in a sort of reverential awe, as a being who was far above all others of her sex, and who was to be approached only with a deference due to a superior race; and, it was only by keeping in mind the imminent danger of his "brother," that he could summon up enough courage to undertake the task.

But the council had scarcely begun its deliberations, for the second time, when Leaping Elk made his appearance in the lodge of Big Hand, and was ushered into the presence of the young queen of the woods.

She was seated on a couch of furs, and received him with unmistakable pleasure, so that the boy felt at ease at once. She was attired in the brilliant dress of the people with whom she dwelt, with the stained eagle feathers in her hair, the rich wampum and beads about her neck and waist, and certainly her dark, lustrous eyes, rounded form, and fine, clear features, added a remarkable beauty to her person, and justified the extravagant praise that had been lavished upon her by all the braves of the tribe.

She waved her hand to her visitor, as an invitation to him to be seated, but he preferred to remain standing like a servant in her presence.

"Silver Tongue," said he, in his sad voice, "I have come to ask a great kindness of thee."

She looked wonderingly at him, not dreaming to what he referred, but she replied in the kindness of her heart:

"Leaping Elk is a brave and good lad, and Silver Tongue will always be his friend."

The heart of the young warrior throbbed with delight at this compliment, and with a suffused face he replied:

"Big Hand is a great chief, and loves his daughter."
"And Silver Tongue loves him," she hastened to say, taking the words from his mouth.

"It is for that reason I come to her," he continued; "does Silver Tongue know that

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"Jes' look at my rosebud!"

Durn my ole moccasins if he ain't got more sense nor a muel."

I have a new brother, one to whom my heart clings as if he were Fleet Foot, my dead mate? Does she know whom I mean?"

"Young Eagle, the white warrior," she answered, with a flushing face and eager eye, that confirmed the suspicion of her young auditor. "What news have you of him?"

"He is bound and placed in the strong lodge—"

"But not to die," answered Silver Tongue. "Only to await the moment for adoption."

"Silver Tongue saw Pe-toh-pee-kiss when he slew Stu-mick-o-sucks in the council square, and wounded On-ce-pa and other warriors. Did she not?"

"She did, and the Young Eagle struck swift and sure as does the Manitou from the storm-cloud. He is a gallant warrior, and the heart of Silver Tongue is strangely drawn toward him!" she exclaimed, with flushing eye and heaving bosom. "The Buffalo's Back deserved the blow he got, and the Young Eagle shall not be harmed for dealing it."

"I knew that Silver Tongue looked kindly upon my new brother. Does she, too,

love him?" asked the boy, with charming simplicity.

Over face, neck and swelling bosom of the fair girl, for fair she was, a crimson tide swept, but instantly passing away, left her calm as before.

"Surely they will not dare to harm him!" she said, with an inquiring look at her companion.

"I do not know, but I fear they will. The council are now assembled to decide what shall be done. Iron Heel is there to plead for him, but I am afraid there is no hope for him."

Leaping Elk scarcely expected to see the emotion displayed by Silver Tongue upon hearing these tidings. Her dark, lustrous eyes seemed to flash fire, her bosom heaved, and she walked back and forth, moving her beautiful arms in a nervous, restless way, as though suffering from some great pain. For several minutes she did not speak, but appeared as if secretly communing with herself.

Then she suddenly paused, and looking eagerly in the face of the young warrior, asked:

"What is it you wish of me?"

"To intercede with Big Hand; he can not refuse the prayer of his loved daughter, Silver Tongue."

The maiden was silent a moment, and then she spoke in a voice of deep sadness:

"Big Hand is a great warrior, and is stern of heart. He may refuse my prayer, if the council decide that the Young Eagle shall die."

"But you will not refuse to plead for him?" asked the youth, forgetting every thing but his anxiety for his adopted brother.

"I will do any thing," she replied, passionately. "I will fall on my knees before him, as soon as he returns to his lodge. I will plead with him as though it were your life or my own that was at stake; but, Big Hand will not let his love for me stand in the way of what he thinks his duty."

"That is all I can ask," replied the grateful Leaping Elk, who turned on his heel to depart.

"Stay," she called out, laying her hand on his arm, and as the youth turned wondering back, she spoke in a hurried undertone:

"You say he is in the strong lodge; is

there no way he can be helped to escape from there?"

Leaping Elk shook his head.

"They will give us no opportunity; they will watch him night and day. Do what you can with Big Hand."

"I will," she replied, in a tone which showed how deep her interest was in the safety of the imperiled captive, Young Eagle.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOUBLE TRAIL.

HARDLY had the Wild Huntress disappeared within the rock when, with a shudder, a quick gasp and spasmodic lifting of the eyelids, the Avenger, so we must continue to call him, came back to life and consciousness.

A blow to render a man of such enormous physical power totally unconscious could have but some bad effect. And, as he rose upon his elbow, and glanced hurriedly round, he became suddenly aware of an acute pain in the shoulder, that, for an instant, caused him to suspect the arm was dislocated.

Luckily such was not the case. An effort put forth with more determination enabled him to rise, first to his knees, and then to his feet, when, with a still uncertain, wavering eye, he glanced round the little rocky amphitheater in which he stood.

The first object that met his gaze was the dead body of the panther. It lay a few paces distant, the immense head thrown back, the powerful limbs lying outstretched and fast stiffening in death.

It was a dangerous-looking foe, when living, to encounter, and the man could but congratulate himself upon escaping with life from so terrible a conflict.

With the exception of the dead beast nothing save the frowning rocks and lowering cliffs was to be seen. The woman, the white horse, and the bear all had disappeared, leaving no trace behind by which it could be told whither they had gone.

"This is strange, very strange," he muttered. "Why should she so abruptly leave one who had imperiled his life to save that of her horse, let alone herself? And those pale, sad features! They are familiar, very familiar! And surely I must have seen them elsewhere than in these wilds," and he paused a moment in deep thought.

Suddenly, with a start as though a blow had been dealt him, he exclaimed aloud:

"Great Heaven! if it should be! But it can not! it is impossible! for she perished, with all the others on that dark and terrible night. And yet, I did not find her body, nor that of the child, when I so carefully searched among the gory corpses that lay around! Stranger things than this have happened, and I will solve this mystery."

While so musing, the eye of the speaker chanced to discover a narrow trail, leading off between the large rocks, and tending down the mountain.

This, with his usual promptitude, he determined to follow. There appeared no other mode of leaving the place on horseback save this, and hence he concluded that the mysterious woman had left him by that route.

Once more scanning the surrounding rocks and ledges above, but without discovering the secret passage through which the Huntress had gone, the Avenger left the spot, and slowly began the descent into the valley, that lay far beneath.

Still somewhat weak and sore from the effect of his recent combat, he at first found considerable difficulty in traveling the rugged trail, but, as he advanced, he warmed up to the work, and ere long rapidly increased his pace.

In the valley the trail abruptly ended. A shallow creek with rocky bottom seemed to be the termination. Here the horse had entered the stream, and gone either up or down, it could not be told which, as the smooth hard stone and gravelly bottom left no sign to guide even the most experienced eye.

In vain the man searched up and down, and upon the further side. There was not the slightest mark. The trail had disappeared as completely as had the woman when she entered the face of the precipice above.

"She has again escaped me," muttered the Avenger. "But why she should do so, especially after what has occurred, is more than I can understand. There is some mystery here that I will penetrate let come what will. I will seek the bear-tamer, and together we may be enabled to once more get a clue as to this strange being's whereabouts."

The Avenger turned down the valley, passed round the spur of the mountain, and, keeping under cover as much as possible, he struck across the hills in the direction where Old Grizzly had said his ranche was located.

A brisk walk of less than an hour brought him to the edge of the timber, beyond which the camp of the bear-tamer lay, and here he paused and looked carefully around for some indication of its whereabouts.

It is more than probable that he would never have found the secret pass-way into the hunter's stronghold, but, just at that moment, a series of deep, savage growls fell upon his ear, seeming to come from out the very bowels of the mountains.

Advancing cautiously in the direction from whence came the sounds, the Avenger turned the corner of the great boulder that lay in front, and the next moment was carefully feeling his way along the narrow cut.

As he reached the inner termination he was abruptly brought to a standstill by Blinker's deep-mouthed note of alarm, and,

almost instantly, the voice of the bear-tamer was heard calling the dog off:

"Down, Blinker! I don't see the man ar' white! Down, I say," he continued, savagely, as the greater time still showed signs of attacking. "Fire an' faggots! do you want what I give the bar awhile ago! Hello, stranger! got back, hey? Wal, yur welkin into the buzzum in my happy family. They're a set o' beauties, ain't they?" said Old Grizzly, waving his hand round so as to include all present in the little amphitheater.

"They are, indeed, my friend," replied the other, "and you—"

"Yes, I found 'em, fur I know thet what yur goin' to say. But, tell me, ole mystery, did yur find ther woman, an' ther white hoss, an' ther bar?"

"I did find them all, but regret to say that I almost immediately lost them again."

"Yur did! Wal, thet was bad. Found 'em an' then let 'em give yur slip! All ar' em, do ye mean—woman, hoss, bar an' all? Why, whar wuz yur eyes, man?"

"The old hunter gazed upon the new-comer with a glance of half-contempt and half-pity."

"You will best understand how so seemingly an impossible thing happened, by permitting me to relate all that has happened since we parted after the fight."

"Why, sartin, sartin! I hain't no curiosity, not the least bit, but I shud like ter know how yur kem to miss, sech a trail es thet party 'd be apt to leave behind. Why, dang my ole moccasins ef I couldn't a' followed sech a 'un ter Gabriel's ranch."

Checking the laughter that he found impossible to resist on hearing the bear-tamer's forcible assertion, he whom we only know as the Avenger proceeded to relate the events that had so recently occurred, concluding with a vivid description of the conflict on the mountain, and the mysterious disappearance of the wild rider and her dumb companions.

"Yur say yur followed ther trail down ther mountain, an' lost it at ther crick?" asked Old Grizzly, who was evidently much interested.

"Yes, and I do not think any one could have followed it further; in fact I do not think it went any further."

"Yur bet it did," said the bear-tamer, positively. "What bekim yur 'em of it didn't, then? Yur didn't arch close, man, er y'd a' found it leavin' ther crick above er below some whar."

Well, I have come to ask that you will assist me in again getting on the track of this mysterious person. I have the strongest reasons for wishing to meet her again, and I have thought that you would—"

"And so I will," interrupted Grizzly, "but you see, stranger, that's a vuss business nor all the women, an' white hosses, an' bars in creation, thet's got to be attended to fust. I war jess startin' out when I hear Blinker tellin' that a human war about."

"But can not that be attended to afterward? I tell you I have the strongest reasons for wishing to find this woman."

"For an instant the old bear-tamer stood looking at the other in blank amazement."

"Faggots an' flints! Didn't I tell yur afore thet the boyce war missin'. Hev yur forgot that?" he exclaimed, almost savagely.

"Has he not yet returned?" asked the Avenger, in a tone of surprise.

"No, he hain't, nor he ain't likely to till I goes after him. The boyce ar' in ther grip uv ther Blackfeet, an' he must be got out. Ar yur willin' to help?" The question was put abruptly, it might be sternly, and the speaker gazed steadily into the other's eyes.

"Of course I am," was the ready reply. "Thet war sed like a man. Guv us yur fist, stranger," said Grizzly. "Help me snake the boyce out, an' then I foller ther trail uv thet white hoss to ther Rockies but what I'll find his rider."

The bear-tamer now proceeded to give an account of the Indian boy's visit, and his singular message from Silver Tongue.

"The time sot fur the meetin'," he continued, "an' when the moon gits above the tree-tops yander."

"You don't think it's a plan to betray us into the hands of the Blackfeet, do you?" asked the Avenger.

"I don't know; an' what's more, I don't keer a cuss, so long as thet's a chance to get the boyce clear. But, I don't believe it ar'. The Injun had wuz powerful grateful fur bein' saved from the bar, an' yur know one uv 'em don't never forget a thing like thet."

"Well, then, I am ready," was the prompt reply.

"An' so am I, jess as soon as I kin see arter thes beauties a bit," said the bear-tamer, turning to the cave and disappearing within.

In a few moments he emerged, bearing in his arms a huge piece of buffalo meat, which he at once divided and distributed among the several animals that were squatted around, eagerly watching his motions.

While so engaged, Old Grizzly kept up a running comment upon their various characteristics, explaining the history of this one, the remarkable intelligence of another, and so on until all had been fed save the mighty Sampson, who was patiently awaiting his turn, well knowing that the lion's share would be given him.

"Jes' look at my rosebud! Durn my ole moccasins ef he ain't got more sense nor a muel," and the bear-tamer gave the bear a large piece of the meat with one hand while he caressed the enormous head with the other. "Healthy appetit, hain't he?" he continued, with a broad grin, as the bear bolted piece after piece with the utmost avidity. "I tell yu, stranger, that feedin' uv sech a family ain't no small job, an' it keeps me an' Fire Fangs hyer purty bizzzy. I tell yu. Ef they holds out much longer, thet won't be no bufler left in these regions."

Thus talking and working at the same moment, Old Grizzly finally concluded the task, and announced his readiness to depart.

"Hyar, Blinker!" he called, "I'm off ag'in, an' I ain't likely I'll be back much afore some time, er other. You're to stay hyer an' mind yer don't eat Samson. Do 'ee understand!"

CHAPTER X.

LEAPING ELK'S MESSAGE.

It was yet something more than one hour of the time appointed for the interview with Silver Tongue, at the rock by the falling waters, but the two hunters pushed rapidly forward, knowing that a long detour was necessary to avoid the Indian village or any chance stragglers that might be prowling about its outskirts.

Both knew that the utmost caution and secrecy were imperative if they wished to reach the rendezvous. Especially was Old Grizzly anxious for an undisturbed meeting. He now felt certain that Alfred Badger was a captive in the Blackfoot village, and equally sure that the young girl had sent for him to impart tidings in regard to his boy's fate.

Striking off to the right, as soon as they were clear of the timber, the two men skirted the base of the mountain where the Wild Huntress had last been seen, thence along a ravine that passed around and to the rear of the Blackfoot village.

"This ar' bully kiver," whispered Old Grizzly, as they cautiously advanced, parting the heavy chapparal with their hands, and pausing now and then to peer around in the fast gathering darkness. "Do you know edzackly whar ther rock ar' as the lad spoke uv?" asked Grizzly, as they halted on the edge of a clear space in the valley.

"Yes, I have been there often. Two hundred yards further on, the ravine bends off to the left, running along the edge of the village a little further on. At the curve we must leave the gully and enter the heavy timber on the level above. From there a walk of five minutes will bring us to where a small stream pours over a ledge, near which is an immense boulder thickly overgrown with plants and creeping vines. That is the spot called by the Indian 'Rock by the falling waters.'"

"How ar' it fur kiver? how ar' it fur kiver, that's the point," said the bear-tamer. "Could the imps lay a ambushment with sartin'?"

"The forest is very dense about the place, and the undergrowth would conceal a hundred warriors from the keenest eye," was the answer.

"Wal, I don't think the lad means ter play us foul, but a man can't be too keeful when a red-skin ar' concerned," said Grizzly, taking down his rifle, and throwing it into the hollow of his left arm.

While thus conversing, the two adventurers reached the point where the ravine curved off toward the village, and here they ascended the sloping side and directly gained the upper level, where the forest, as the Avenger had said, offered the best possible cover to screen their movements.

In a few moments they stood within a dozen paces of the large rock, looking cautiously out into the little clearing by which it was surrounded.

The place was, as far as they could judge, deserted. A profound silence, broken only by the soft splash of the water as it fell over the ledge into the basin below, reigned over all.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour passed, when down through the leafy arches toward the east, a ray of soft, yellow light fell upon the leaves at their feet.

"That's ther signal," said the bear-tamer, pointing through the opening to where the full moon shone, just above the crest of the hills. "And she'll—thar! Injun-like, the gal comes to the munit!"

This abrupt exclamation, made in a low, cautious tone, was caused by the sound of steady footfalls approaching, and a moment later, the form of the Indian boy, Leaping Elk, stepped out into the clearing, and stood fully revealed by the light of the moon.

The bear-tamer was on the point of emerging from cover, when a savage oath from his companion caused him to turn quickly about, just in time to catch the Avenger's arm in his iron grip, as he was about to spring upon the boy, knife in hand.

The lad had caught the sound of the hostile exclamation, and stood with one foot forward, ready to bound away at the slightest sign of danger. Were he to do so, and alarm the village, all would be lost.

"What do you mean?" demanded Old Grizzly, in a stern tone, as the boy settled still more firmly on the other's wrist.

"What do I mean?" was the fierce response. "I mean to have the heart's blood of thet Injun! Loose yur hold, old man, or—"

"Or what 'll you do? Pot up that knife, or I'll git mine out, an' then we'll see who ar' the best man."

"Loose yur hold, I say! He is a Blackfoot, and that is enough. I have sworn to spare none of the hated tribe, and why should I except him?"

"Perairy men don't war on weemin an' children," was the determined reply. "Shame on you! See here, stranger, harm but a haf uv thet boyce head, an' by ther win' catamount, I'll tar yur limb from limb. You thet ar' the bear-tamer, thet threw off his hold with such force that the other staggered back, and instantly drew his knife."

They were both brave men. Neither feared the death they had faced a hundred times, and for an instant it seemed that a combat must take place.

But, he whom we call the Avenger had been allowed a moment for consideration.

He saw that he was in the wrong. The Indian boy had come alone and unarmed to meet the bear-tamer, trusting his life in his hands, and he could not feel that the latter was right in defending him from harm. He would have done the same had the case been reversed.

Like all truly brave men he was quick to acknowledge his fault when he himself had discovered it, and with a rapid motion he put back the blade and stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"You are right in protecting the boy, but if you could but even dream how bitter is the hatred I bear all his tribe, and how fearful has been the cause for thet hatred, you would not wonder at my actions. Were I to shed the blood of every Blackfoot that lives, it would not wipe out the memory of the wrong they have done me, and mine."

The man spoke with intense emotion; his voice became husky, and his broad chest rose and fell as he recalled those bitter remembrances, and would not have been able to read him like an open book; he saw the terrible earnestness with which he had entered upon or rather continued his crusade against the barbarous and cruel tribe, and he gave him due credit for yielding the present point.

"You ar' a man, dang my ole moccasins ef you ain't," he exclaimed; "an' when I'm through this hyar bizzness, I'm with you, boots an' toe-nail, by gum! Thar!" and he shook the extended hand heartily.

Thus was extended a bond of friendship between these two strange characters, that carried them together through many trying scenes.

"But come," said Grizzly; "the lad's a waitin'. I must see what's made him kem 'stead uv the gal," and he stepped out of the bushes and advanced to where Leaping Elk stood.

The instant the boy's eye fell upon the bear-tamer, all his confidence returned, and with a gesture replete with gratitude, almost love, he took the hand of the hunter in his own and pressed it gently.

"Again has the Man of the Bears saved the life of Leaping Elk."

"Pshaw, boyce, 'tain't nothin'." My friend hyar got his back up, an' kem near makin' a mistake. But, I reckon he's all right enough now. What's the gal?"

Silver Tongue can not leave the lodge of her father, Big Hand, the chief of the Blackfeet," said the boy.

"Can't kem, he? Ole chief got his eye onto her? Wal, didn't she send no word?"

"She has sent her brother, Leaping Elk, to speak her words into the ear of the Man of the Bears."

"She did, eh? Well, youngster, drive ahead, an' ef you kin on'y give me sum good news uv my boyce, why—why dang it I'll do a'most emny thing fur you, an' the gal too, fur thet matter. Out with it, I'm waitin', don't you see? Not thet I've emny curiosity, but I would like to hear from Alf."

"Pe-toh-pee-kiss is in the village of my people," said the Indian lad.

"Who ar' in ther village?" asked Old Grizzly, with a broad stare of surprise.

"Pe-toh-pee-kiss, the Young Eagle, so has Iron Heel, my father, named the young white warrior. He is now my brother," said the lad, earnestly.

"The deuce he is? Oh! yes, I see! Certainly! On'y I don't see, by a durned sight. What do ye mean, boyce?" asked the bear-tamer, catching the young Indian by the shoulder, and turning his face to the light of the moon.

"Iron Heel, my father, took the white warrior to his lodge. Ten moons ago, Wam-nes-ton, my brother, went upon the war-path. He fell before the rifle of the white man. Iron Heel's heart was heavy. He took the Young Eagle as his son."

"What! my boyce! Faggots an' flints! but I'll bust up thet feeble game! Oh, sartin'! He wants another son, do ee? Wal, yur jess travel back an' say to Mr. Iron Heel, ef thet's his name, thet I'm the boyce's daddy, an' 'mammy,' an' all his uncles an' aunts besides. Hain't you Blackfoot! Why, durn my ole moccasins ef thet don't beat emny thing thet these ole ears ever heard yit!" and the old bear-tamer stormed about, though very quietly, like a raging grizzly.

"Let the Man of the Bears listen to the words of Leaping Elk," said the boy, calmly. "The Red Avenger," and here he turned and regarded the dreaded foe of his tribe sternly. "Was already at the stake. The Woman of the Mountain came and tore him from the hands of the Blackfeet."

"Wal, lad, what ar' thet got to do with the boyce?" asked Old Grizzly, impatiently. "The Man of the Bears and the Young Eagle came, and when the warriors had almost taken him again, they killed many Blackfeet, and Warrama again escaped."

"Yes, yes; go on, boyce, go on," said Grizzly, who began to have an inkling of what was to come.

"Pe-toh-pee-kiss was captured by our braves, and taken to the village to die in the place of the Red Avenger. He was going to the stake. Iron Heel, whose heart was heavy, claimed a warrior's right and took him for his son."

"He did, did he? Iron Heel did! Well, durn my cats ef he ain't a trump! But," he added, quickly, "ain't fur keeps! Not by a durn sight."

Young Eagle was taken from the council-house, and the braves sought his life. He was named, "Sun-shine-sucks-fall before the Young Eagle's empty hand."

"That's my boyce! that's my boyce!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, in a high state of excitement. "Go on, boyce, go on!"

"The tomahawk was in his belt, and Pe-toh-pee-kiss snatched it and slew two more Blackfoot warriors."

By this time the bear-tamer was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. In a moment he would have given vent to a scolding whoop, had not the warning arm of the lad been raised in time.

"Knocked one squar' down, an' rubbed out two more! Game to ther back—"

"The Man of the Bears must listen to the words of Silver Tongue. She has sent me to tell him that the Young Eagle is in danger. The chiefs have sent him to the strong lodge."

"God help the boy if he is there," interrupted the Avenger, speaking for the first time.

"Ther strong lodge!" exclaimed Old Grizzly. "Why, they sent him thar? What doose Iron Heel say, boyce?"

"Iron Heel is a great warrior, but the tribe are his enemies here," replied the lad.

"An' you say Silver Tongue ar' the chief's darter? Can't she help the boyce?" asked the old hunter.

"Silver Tongue loves Pe-toh-pee-kiss," was the significant reply.

"She do, do she? Wal, she shows her sense. The great chief, Big Hand, 's her daddy—her father, I means—yursays?"

"Silver Tongue was sent to the chief of the Blackfeet by the Great Manitou. She came from the Snow Mountains of the North."

"Sent to him!" exclaimed the hunter, and the two white men exchanged a significant glance.

"Who was her mother, lad?" asked the Avenger, eagerly.

The young Indian drew himself up haughtily, looked the speaker fiercely in the eye for an instant, and deliberately turned to the bear-tamer without replying to the question. It was plain that Leaping Elk shared the hatred felt by his tribe for this remarkable man.

By all this hyer palaver," he continued. "Finish tellin' what the gal sent yur to say, an' then we'll see what kin be did."

"Silver Tongue bid Leaping Elk to say to the Man of the Bears that the Young Eagle would die in three days if thet Red Avenger was not made prisoner by the warriors before the time had passed," was the startling answer.

"Die! ther boyce die! What fur?" ejaculated the old hunter, terribly stricken by the news.

"The warriors that have gone on the long path must have the spirit of a white man to go before and clear the briars from the way. Such is the custom of my tribe," said the Indian, sadly.

"An' he ar' to suffer fur what this hyer man has did?" said Old Grizzly, turning fiercely on the Avenger, who stood silently by.

"The young man was engaged in battle with the Indians, he slew several of their warriors in the valley, and two more in the village. That is why he is to suffer," said the man, hurriedly.

"Pe-toh-pee-kiss will be freed if he is caught," said the lad, addressing the bear-tamer, while his dark eyes burned like living coals of fire.

"Faggots an' flints! this ar' a pretty mess!" snarled the irate hunter. "He'll die in three days ef another can't be got, will he?"

"So the chiefs have said," returned the boy.

"But, if another is ketched, he'll do ter scorch as well, er better nor the lad. Ar' thet it?" asked the bear-tamer.

"The Man of the Bears speaks with a straight tongue," said the Indian.

"Then, by ther everlastin' catamounts, he shan't burn! Tell him, lad, to keep up a brave heart. Pshaw! he'll do thet emny how! Tell him his ole uncle ar' around, an' thet he'll move hevin' an' airth but what he'll snake him out. Tell him so, lad, an' I'm yur friend fur life."

"And what shall Leaping Elk say to Silver Tongue?" asked the boy.

"To the gal? Why, jess give her a ole hunter's thanks, an' say as how she may jess love the boyce harder nor a muel kin kiest of she wants ter—Ax her to do her best fur the Young Eagle, as yur calls him, an' mebbe all on us together 'll be able to help him out'n thet defektilty. Can 'ee say all thet, lad?"

"The words of the Man of the Bears shall be whispered in the ears of Silver Tongue. She will tell them to Pe-toh-pee-kiss," answered the boy, who, turning upon his heel to go, paused a moment, and said:

"The Man of the Bears must seek his home in the mountain. The warriors of the Blackfeet will be on the war-path when the moon is an hour older. Let him get to cover." And then, facing the Avenger, he addressed him for the first time that night.

"The braves go to find the trail of the enemy of their tribe. Let the Red Avenger beware. Leaping Elk can not betray him now, but when their paths cross again, he will sound the war-whoop of his tribe."

As the boy ceased speaking, he leaped into the undergrowth, and was seen no more that night.

"The boyce is in the strong lodge," muttered Old Grizzly, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. "It ar' dangerous, an' must be looked to. But the gal—her ax kin from the Snow Mountains, an' hain't got no mammy—thet gits me back wuss'n ever! Hyer's another one uv them cursed mysteries, an' a'though I hain't no curiosity, I'm bound ter sift the bizzness to ther bottom, es the feller sez, an' further, too. Come, let's travel!" and a moment later the spot was again deserted.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 82.)

Bessie Raynor:

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING FIGURE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE "TENTH."

THE next morning, the morning of the tenth of January, eighteen hundred and sixty, a day to be remembered by many in Lawrence, by some, who to this day wear mourning weeds in a sad remembrance, broke clear and beautiful. But, before the sun had risen, there was a dull, red glow over the horizon, which fell on the windows of the long factories, giving them a repulsive, blood-hued appearance—a glow, which with its stretching fingers reached high up into the sky.

It was, what most people would have called, an ominous morning; sailors would have called it an *ugly* morning.

But, the sun rose and dispersed the dull, red atmosphere; then the soft south wind, warm and cheering, blew along the river, melting the ice-fringes on the edges, melting the snow-crusts on the road, warming and cheering Lawrence.

Early in the morning, long before sunrise, Black Phil arose from an uneasy and troubled sleep. He had returned at a late hour last night, from his trip to Mother Moll's, and without bothering himself about Nancy, further than to notice that she was fast asleep on the old settee, he had passed into the adjoining room and flung himself on the bed. He did not remove his clothes.

He arose early this morning and bestirred himself.

"The old woman knows all about it," he muttered. "I'll take her advice. I'll go! Ay, this very night I'll leave Lawrence; I will go anywhere, so I get away from here! Shall I send Arthur Ames that paper I found in his parlor? He paused, as he asked himself the question.

"No, no!" he continued. "I'll keep it; it may serve me in the future, to have a hold on him. But, now, I've enough of his money to live a while on, twenty years at least. Twenty years! I will be living twenty years from today!"

He trembled as he paused.

"I—I sometimes think," he muttered, as he moved toward the door of the next room, "that I'll not live very long; I've felt a shadow come over me at times, and swallow me up. Then, I could feel unseen, skeleton fingers grasping at my throat! Ugh! Yes! I'll take Mother Moll's advice. I'll never in her to give it to me. First, the money," and he laid his hand upon the door-bolt. He paused.

"No, Nancy's there now; I'll wait. I'll go up into the city and speak for a

wagon to come to-night for my things. Ay, that will be the way!"

He turned at once, and crept softly from the house. In an hour, just as the blood-colored sun was breaking through the rugged gray cloud on the eastern horizon, Black Phil returned.

Nancy was up and astir, busying herself about breakfast. When the time came for her to go to the mill, she turned to the man.

"Are you ready, Phil?" she asked. She was very kind and bland. There was a marked change in her manner. Black Phil noticed it with wonder.

"No, I am not going to the mill this morning."

"What! not going to the mill to-day?" she asked, suddenly and anxiously, turning toward the man.

"I didn't say I was not going to-day; you interrupted me. I was going to say I was not going this morning. But I shall be there this afternoon."

"And what keeps you away, Phil? You are sub-overseer, you know, and—"

"My own business keeps me away; that's sufficient, Nancy. Go on, and tell Mr. Thompson I'll be there this afternoon—that business keeps me away this morning."

He waived the woman to be gone.

Nancy, with a short, quick glance at him, left the house and hurried away. When she reached the bridge, she muttered, defiantly, as if her mind had been occupied with thought:

"No! by heavens! he shall not escape me! I've gone too far, and my preparations are too complete!"

In fifteen minutes she was climbing the stairs to her floor.

Black Phil occupied himself all the morning in arranging his clothes and different articles about the house. It took him several hours to get every thing in order. Then he packed his clothes, etc., in a large, common chest, with a padlock. Then he flung himself, with a weary yawn, upon the lounge.

The man was exhausted; he had slept but little the night before, and his work, this morning, had not been light. In a few moments his deep, stentorous breathing, denoted that he slept soundly.

Three hours passed before he awoke; when he did, it was with a start.

"Ha!" he muttered. "I came near oversleeping myself. 'Tis pay-day, to-day, and I must draw my money. Yes, I want every cent. And yes, I'll take up my pile now, my pile from the panel, where it has been lying and growing for many a long day. Yes, I'll get it now, and put it away. The day has come when it must be used."

He arose, and going to a closet in the room, took out a large, stout canvas bag. This he carried to the mantle.

He pressed harder. Still it did not open. He paused and examined closely the edge that fitted into the wall. The indentation of a hammer or some heavy instrument caught his eye. He started, and flung his whole weight upon the wall.

It remained immovable.

Black Phil's face grew white, a tremor took possession of his frame, a quivering crept into his lips.

"Good heavens! what does this mean?" he exclaimed. "I can not bear it; I'll know what's the matter!"

He strode into the next room. A moment, and he returned, bringing with him a heavy ax. In an instant, the ax circled around his head, and fell with a ringing stroke upon the heavy board. The splinters flew and the door swung open.

One look,

choly face lighted up, with a glow of pleasure. "You! you! Bessie!" and he held his hand to her.

"Tie I, Lorin," she replied, in the same low voice, as she frankly took his hand in hers. "And I've been thinking, Lorin, and her voice was scarcely above a whisper, that I have not treated you right, for a long time—have not been kind to you. Forgive me, Lorin."

A big tear stood in her eye. The brawny mill-man's frame shook like a leaf.

"Heaven bless you, darling Bessie!" was all the answer he made, as he bowed his head over their joined hands.

Then, they entered the mill.

CHAPTER XXXVI

TEN MINUTES TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

As the day wore away and the sun came out more brightly, Ross Raynor drew near the door of his humble home, and opening it, looked out. The air felt bracing; it sent the blood tingling through his system.

The cripple put on his overcoat, and taking his hat, secured the door behind him, and left the house. He strolled into Canal street, and took his way toward the dam. He paused, for a moment, then he crossed the bridge over the Merrimack, and striking into the Andover road, he continued briskly on.

The pure, strengthening air was like food to the boy; he sucked it in greedily. He left the city behind him and still strode on. He thought not of turning back.

When he left his home on the little street in Lawrence, it was nearly three o'clock. When he paused, as he did, near Mother Moll's, he heard a clock from a factory away back in the city, boom the hour of four.

Mother Moll sat before a table in her room; on that table stood an old-fashioned inkstand with a quill pen sticking in it. Near it lay several sheets of paper and a package of envelopes.

The old woman sat with her arms folded across her breast, and gazed steadfastly, dreamingly, at the table, at the inkstand, at the paper.

A frown wrinkled her brow, and a brooding expression rested on her face.

"Yes, 'tis coming!" she muttered; "and nothing can avert it! The vision has come twice to-day! The hour of the ending of all approaches. I distrust Arthur Ames; he knows that I have told a truthful tale! He is not safe. What will he do? I am an old woman, and a helpless one." She paused, then she said, "The opportunity must not go by. I'll go on. He, my darling boy, must know the tale! He must have what justly—"

She stopped abruptly, and suddenly seizing the pen, drove it into the ink, and drawing a sheet of paper toward her, began to write.

Old as she was, Mother Moll wielded the pen readily, and briskly it ran over the smooth page. Then, she had done. She flung the pen aside, and gazed for several moments, at what she had written.

"'Will do!' she muttered, as she folded the sheet, slowly and carefully, and inserted it into an envelope. She sealed the envelope and directed it, in a plain, bold superscription.

She started. "How shall he get it?" she asked. "He must have it to-day, or never! I feel it. And to-night is Minerva Ames' wedding! Oh! heavens! How shall I get it to him? Ha!" she suddenly exclaimed, as at that moment, a rap sounded on the panel.

"Come in. Heaven be thanked! You, Ross!" and she strode briskly across the room to meet the cripple, who, at that moment, entered.

"I was somewhat tired, and called in to rest a few minutes, Mother Moll."

"Heaven has sent you, Ross," said the old woman, hastily and as if her mind was set on one idea. "But, you can not rest now. Here, Ross, is a letter for Lorin Gray. He must have it to-day, or his life and hopes will be wrecked."

She forced the letter into his hand and almost pushed him toward the door.

Suddenly, she paused. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "the vision again! Great God! 'tis the Pemberton! and my child! Hurry, fly, Ross Raynor, for now trouble, on black wings, is in the air!"

Wonderingly, fearfully, the cripple seized the letter and fled from the house.

He had not taken ten yards when a carriage drove up, at a furious gait, and stopped by the fortune-teller's door. A man sprang out and hurried into the house.

That man was Arthur Ames. He had not noticed Ross Raynor, but the cripple had noticed him, had marked, too, the diabolical look which rested on the banker's withered face.

Instinctively he paused and glided back to the rear of the house, and placed his face to a window. A pane of glass in that window was broken. Ross Raynor saw and heard the following:

Arthur Ames burst like a whirlwind into the room. The old woman turned to meet him. He advanced upon her, his hand in his bosom.

"Now, old woman," he hissed, "I am come to know the truth! Tell me if that drowning boy, flung in the Merrimack, lives to-day!"

The old fortune-teller reared her bent form, and while her eyes flashed, she shook her lean finger defiantly in his face, as she thundered back:

"Ay, he lives to claim his own! Ay, Arthur Ames, the boy you would have murdered—the helpless son of your dead brother Bernard—lives to-day, and this day he shall triumph over you! The stars and the hellbore!"

"You lie! and you die!" suddenly interrupted the man, as, like lightning, he sprang forward, and, drawing a pistol, placed it to her temple.

A moment, and a sharp yet deadened report rang in the room, and poor old Mother Moll, flung her hands spasmodically in the air, fell, without a groan, to the floor.

The vengeful bullet had plowed through her brain.

Arthur Ames, for a single moment, gazed at the prostrate form before him. Then a shudder ran over his frame. But, recovering himself, he sprang to the bed in the corner, huddled on the floor, and taking a lighted brand from the stove, flung it on the inflammable material.

A moment, and the flames leaped up and began to roar.

"Well gone!" he muttered. "Now the evidence is closed!"

He turned, and fled, like a brow-branded murderer, from the place. Then he was in his carriage and clattering back toward the city.

Ross Raynor, stunned and stupefied at what he had seen and heard, endeavored to break into the house. But the flames which were leaping from the doors and windows drove him back.

Turning off, he reeled away, shouting "fire," "murder," at the top of his voice.

He had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before he suddenly paused and shrunk back. The very ground trembled beneath his feet, and a mighty collapse of air, as if some world-rocking earthquake had passed by, smote on his ear.

Then he looked toward the city. A dense volume of dust and smoke reared itself in a huge column toward the sky.

It was in the direction of the Pemberton mill.

Ross Raynor, as he reeled on, saw the broad dial of a clock. The hands pointed to ten minutes to five o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE GREAT HOLOCAUST.

LORIN GRAY left his loom and drew near Bessie's place on the floor. As he came along the "pass," it was easy to see that his face was solemn and serious.

The girl saw him approaching, and noted his sad, foreboding aspect.

They had not spoken further that day, since the few words as they entered the mill, in the morning. Bessie's pale face crimsoned, and she bowed her head and pretended to busy herself with her frame, as she leaned down.

Lorin drew near. "Bessie," he said, and his voice was very serious, "there is something the matter. My frame does not work well."

She looked up, in astonishment, but the anxious look left her face, and one of relief took its place.

"What mean you, Lorin?" she asked, in a low, sweet tone, as she gazed him trustfully in the face.

"I mean there is something the matter with the machinery," he replied, very earnestly. "I think it is too heavy for the walls. I fear something will happen. I wish it were half-past six, and we were safe at home."

As he spoke, he gazed at her strangely. Then, he glanced toward the clock, at the further end of the room.

The hands stood at fifteen minutes to five o'clock.

At that moment, Black Phil appeared on the floor.

It was a strange smile, that which played over the man's face as he walked slowly along, a smile showing a singular admixture of emotions. He bent his head and strode leisurely along the room.

Lorin Gray caught a glimpse of the sinister glance in the man's eye.

Just then, Nancy Hurd walked from behind her loom, some steps away. She carried a smoking pitcher in her hand. A smile was upon her lip. She met the man, her reputed husband, just by Bessie Raynor's frame.

Lorin Gray and the orphan girl instinctively cast their eyes upon the two.

"You, Phil! I was uneasy about you," said the woman.

"Is that so, Nancy? Thank you for remembering me, I promised you I would come. Here I am; but what's that you have in the pitcher?" he asked, suddenly.

"Good hot rum-punch, Phil, and I've saved the biggest half for you." "Tis good. Drink it."

As she spoke, she held the pitcher toward him.

The man gave a quick, suspicious glance toward her, he hesitated. But, at a moment, he took the pitcher and said:

"Kind in you, Nancy; thank you." He placed the pitcher to his lips, and drained it to the bottom.

As he handed it back to her, he started. A burning, stifling sensation hung in his throat, a film came suddenly over his eyes. Dimly he saw a smile of demonic triumph on Nancy Hurd's face. A sudden shiver ran over him. He reeled toward her.

"Nancy Hurd, you—you—have dealt foully!"

"My God! What is this! Fly! fly, Bessie! Look, oh! Heaven protect us!"

Lorin Gray tottered, as his voice rang high above the clattering of the machinery, the buzz and whirr of spindles.

He had felt the heavy floors vibrate under his feet, he had seen the yams in Bessie Raynor's frame snap and fly toward the ceiling, that ceiling groaning, creaking and gaping.

Oh! heavens! the wild shrieks that rang, at that instant, from floor to floor through the great Pemberton mill.

"Oh! Lorin, save me, save—" She could say no more. There was a wild creaking of timbers, a loud, deafening, groaning of cemented bricks and mortar as wide rents gaped in the wall, then, a mighty crash and a stunning, deafening roar.

At ten minutes before five o'clock on Tuesday, tenth of January, the Pemberton mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.

In the words of one whom the author of this romance loves for her soul-stirring, heart-touching tribute to the memory of this great sacrificial offering:

"So the news flashed over the telegraph lines, sprung into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate and the muttering South, and was forgotten."

Yes, such was the brief message that leaped in the lightning's spark over the broad land—such were the few words telling a tale of horror, at which the people of the great American Republic, from lakes to gulfs, from coast to coast, shuddered.

The Pemberton mill, which on that morning had winked its many eyes at the rising sun—which stood like a strong tower in its might—which, seemingly, could have withstood the storms and floods of ages, had gone down in its pride, gone down to wreck and ruin, and death!

Quiet citizens sitting by their firesides; shopkeepers engaged in their traffic; laborers in the street—all held their breath, as the mighty shock caused their houses to tremble and their brains to whirl. And all rushed forth, fearing that some subterranean wave was creeping along beneath them.

Then they looked for the mills, one by one. "Pemberton was gone! A great black cloud of dust rising above it in the air, to mark its place and its fall."

"Pemberton has fallen!" Oh! God! the cry! Then, horror of horrors, there came a cry:

"FIRE! FIRE! THE PEMBERTON IS ON FIRE!"

We shiver, we turn shudderingly away. Let us state plain, cold fact, as written in the words of the chronicler of the holocaust.

On the 10th of January, 1880, the Pemberton Manufacturing Company had in its employ nine hundred and eighty persons. Of these, nearly six hundred men, women and children, were at work in the large mill where the manufacturing operations were principally carried on. At five o'clock in the afternoon, with no previous warning, almost in an instant, certainly in a space of time not exceeding one minute, the floors of this large structure, five stories in height, suddenly gave way, the walls were overthrown, and stone, bricks, timber, machinery, and this vast crowd of human beings, lay in one confused mass of ruins. A few hours later a fire broke out and raged fiercely over the shapeless pile, and then, indeed, a thrill of horror ran through the stoutest heart, as the thousands, working with almost supernatural effort for the rescue of the unfortunate victims, were successively driven off by the flames, and forced to abandon friends, relatives and neighbors to their awful fate.

The tidings flew with the speed of lightning over the land, and while here, at the scene of the disaster, every thing seemed forgotten but the care of the wounded, the burial of the dead, and the relief of the suffering families of the bereaved, the hearts of others at a distance were moved as on no other occasion, and charity with lavish hand began to pour its offerings upon our stricken countrymen.

Bessie Raynor, far down beneath the debris of the fallen mills, her face scarred and bleeding, her dress torn, her senses reeling and bewildered, did not recover her reason until hours after, when she smelled the smoke of fire and saw the dull, red glow of the flames creeping toward her. It was nine o'clock at night.

Bessie glanced ahead of her. A wild shout from the gathered throng outside called her attention that way. She looked. She saw Lorin Gray, far ahead of her, rise, with a giant's strength, from the debris of fallen timbers. She saw him thrust the beams aside which held him down, as if they had no power to hold him.

Then his voice rang like a clarion in the air.

"Bessie! Bessie!" It fell on her ears. Her tongue at first clove to her mouth; then it loosened. She found utterance.

"Here, here, Lorin!" He turned like a lion. He seized an ax near. He rolled his sleeves to his shoulders, baring his brawny arms for the conflict—for the battle for a life.

Another moment, and guided by that sweet, clear voice, "Here, Lorin! Here, Lorin!" he dashed over the smoking brick over the splintered timbers. He reached the spot. A giant's task was before him, but he quailed not before it. Far down under the interlocked beams he caught sight of the pale, white face of her whom he loved.

The ax twinkled in the up-creeping glow, and its heavy blows rang over the rafters and the din. On and on he worked with his lungs of leather and his muscles of iron. On and on!

He was in reaching distance of her. A heavy girder of iron stopped him. It, alone, stood between him and her, between her and life! He moved himself for the mighty work, for the work of six men. He laid his ax aside; he leaped down into the hole he had cut. A moment, and his shoulder was against the girder.

Oh! heavens! the fearful strain. Another mighty effort; the solid girder moved; another, and oh! Heaven be thanked, it slid away and fell by its own weight. In an instant he had grasped the precious burden in his arms. Another, and he had reeled away from the coming death, bearing with him the fainting form of the orphan girl.

Ere the wild, enthusiastic cheer which broke from the swaying, surging crowd had died away, Lorin Gray paused.

He had heard a loud voice calling him, one he knew, one he dared not pass unheeded. His face worked.

"He is a fellow-creature!" he muttered. "I'll save him, though his sins are as scarlet! Take Bessie Raynor, and he half-thrust her into the arms of a hardy mill-man who stood by."

He turned again toward the smoking, glaring pile.

"Lorin Gray! Lorin Gray! Come! Come, me, as you value your life!" rung the voice from the timbers.

He strode on.

"Come back! Come!" shouted the crowd. But he did not turn back.

A moment, and he stood over the timber whence the voice had issued.

"I'll save you, Black Phil," he said, in a trumpet voice. "I will save you, if it is in the power of man!"

"No, no! I want you on other business. Quick, time flies. This bit of paper in my pocket—take a splinter from the wood, dip it in my blood, and write as I say! Ha! the flames are coming!"

"Nay, I'll save you, Phil," and he bent to the task.

"Write, I say," thundered the man; "time flies! write, or all is lost!"

He took the paper, then a splinter from a ragged beam. Shudderingly he dipped it in the thick blood which welled from Black Phil's arm. He bent his ear, he listened, he started, he shrieked, he wrote!

"I'll sign," said Black Phil, with a last effort, "I'll save you, Phil, or die! I swear it!"

"Come back, come back!" shouted the wild crowd. But Lorin Gray heeded them not. Like a giant he stood, defying the flames creeping around him.

"Come back!" He still labored on.

Then he stooped and grasped the man by the hand. One effort, and, as a loud, ringing cheer broke from his lips, Lorin Gray dragged the man from the burning timbers, far out to the line of the throng.

Then he fell from exhaustion.

But, Black Phil was dead, yet upon his person, save the wounded arm, there was no sign of bruise or cut.

(To be continued—Commented in No. 73.)

Mischief-makers.—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is, of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension; having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion and envious regret.

THE MASTER WILL.

BY ALICE LOGAN.

"Genius is patience." The master-mind in Art is like the master-hand in work: Each lays his plan, and calls in servants To labor at the dull mechanic part. One finds artisans in the realm of thought, And bends them—his aids—as lackeys to his will. The other brings forged implements of toil, And human tools to subserve his ends. The structure reared, men only see results, Nor think upon the means that compassed them.

Out in the World:

THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A FEW nights after the events narrated in our previous chapters Romney was walking in the garden at Bolton Place.

Van had departed for his home in the east but a few hours before, and now she was dreaming and thinking, as girls will dream and think of one they love very dearly.

There was no moon, but the stars shone and the lights of Bolton House winked brightly at her.

Romney was a brave girl; her early training had contributed a great deal to strengthening her nerves, and she was not easily cowed; but, as she approached Bolton House she caught sight of a dark form—a woman's form—crouching in the shadows of the elm grove.

Instead of crying out and fainting, as some girls would have done, Romney stopped, and cried out:

"Who is that?" The dark figure did not move.

"What do you want here?" demanded Romney.

There was no answer; but the figure came forward now, and looked the girl in the face.

The girl was frightened at last: the face of the strange woman was so white and her eyes were so large and staring.

Then, too, the face appeared familiar, but where and under what circumstances she had seen it before she could not for the life of her remember.

"I have seen you somewhere," said the girl, starting back a pace.

"And I have seen you often," replied the woman. I have watched you when all the world slept; guarded you when you were all unconscious of the fact, have hovered over you when you little dreamed that any one but God was nigh."

The woman's voice was low, tender, earnest, but Romney took it to be the earnestness of lunacy, and shrinking further away from the stranger she said:

"You frighten me with such talk. I must go home; it's getting late."

The strange woman stepped before Romney and put out her arm.

"You must not go in that way, so cold. I can't bear that; it's too hard and cruel after all these years, and—and—I love you so."

"Love me?"

"Yes, with a love as deep as that with which you love Van Taggart; a love that for your sake—for your welfare—denied itself every thing that you might not suffer; that your path might be free from the thorns that lacerated my poor feet."

Romney now remembered that she had heard that voice before—on the stage in St. Louis.

"You are an actress," she said, "but pray do not play with me in this way. You almost frighten me to death."

"And you wound me deeper even than death," replied the woman.

"Why should you take offense at my words?"

"Because I am your mother."

Romney screamed, a wild, unearthly scream, and fell in a heap at the woman's feet.

Elinor Gregg stooped down and picked her up, kissing the white lips and smoothing back her hair which had fallen in a shower over her face.

"Oh, my precious! Oh, my darling! do I hold you in my arms again?" she muttered, and then she looked up into Chauncey Watterson's excited face.

He had heard the scream, and came flying toward the spot.

"Elinor Gregg!" he exclaimed, starting back aghast.

"Yes, Chauncey Watterson, I'm Elinor Gregg, or she who once was Elinor Gregg, but who is now the people's favorite. But see, our child is recovering. She must never know how guilty her mother was—take her."

Her arms clung to the still unconscious form of her child, even after Chauncey had relieved her of the burden, and after raining a shower of kisses upon lip and brow she said, turning to him:

"You have been the cloud that darkened my whole life, and I intended to visit you with a terrible vengeance, but you were the father of my child and that alone saved you. When you took her up out of the slums and made her a lady my hate melted away, and to-night I love you again—for her sake. I shall never come here again—never trouble you or yours. Good-by forever."

"Elinor!" he gasped. "Elinor!"

It was no use in calling, however; she was flitting down among the elms like a dark shadow, and soon the darkness ate the shadow up, and she was gone.

Romney was very ill for a week after that; her terror brought about spasms, and when on the sixth day she was able to sit up, she asked Chauncey if he really believed the strange woman was her mother.

"I don't know," he answered. "She might be."

"More likely an escaped lunatic from Longview," ventured Grace. "You see the asylum is just over the hill there." "You are the thought, but Chauncey did not say a word—he could not trust himself to speak."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TEMPEST.

It was a sultry June night at Cape May, and the beach was thronged with visitors endeavoring to catch whatever little breeze floated in from the wilderness of waters, which stretched so far away to the south and west. The moon had been shining very clearly, but, by eight o'clock, a warm

south wind sprung up, and drove masses of rugged black clouds over its golden disc. Notwithstanding this obscured the moon's glare, there was a sort of twilight left, and those who had come to the Cape for years pronounced it one of the most delightful nights they had ever experienced there.

Van and Romney, arm in arm, were strolling among the pebbles, close to the water's edge, talking of the past and building bright phantasies for the future, while Grace and Chauncey sat down on a huge round boulder and looked far out to sea.

What Grace was thinking about I can not say, but Chauncey was wondering if ever he should stand face to face with Elinor Gregg again. He knew now she was not dead, and he knew, too, that the great marble pile in Dellville graveyard was little else than a beautiful mockery—and he wondered, sitting there with the cool swash of the waves in his ears, if the moonlight was falling on the monument at that instant, or was it hidden in the gloom of night.

While he sat there in silence a merry laugh sounded—a laugh that was very familiar to his ear, and for the nonce he thought it was only the music of his imagination.

The white sail of a boat drifted by, with in a rod of the shore, and then that familiar laugh died away, when the sail dipped out of view.

"Let us go out on the water," said Grace, all at once, and rising.

"Very well, dear," he answered, "but where are Van and Romney, I wonder?"

"Oh, never mind them now. I prefer to sail alone with you, to-night," said Grace.

He was flattered by her speech, and they went in quest of a boat.

They found one readily enough, and a half an hour after they were skimming over the dark waters of old ocean, their sail gleaming above their heads like the pinion of some aquatic bird.

They talked of their old courting days; of the pleasures they had known together; and still they sailed on and on, until the land appeared only like a black line behind them.

"Let us go back," he said, at length; "we are already far out, and I'm afraid we are going to have a little blow before long."

Grace glanced upward, and for the first time noticed that heavy masses of dark, ominous clouds, were trailing their ebony robes low down over the waters, and that, away off to the south, the sky was rapidly assuming an ugly straw-color.

"Yes, Chauncey, let us get in as soon as possible," answered Grace, wrapping her shawl about her shoulders, and sitting quietly down, her eyes fixed steadily upon the distant horizon.

The waves began to beat against the side of the boat, with a noisy thud, and now the rush of the wind could be heard, and the straw-color in the sky grew brighter, lighting up the faces in the boat with a lurid light and giving to Grace a ghastly pallor.

The sail partially screened Chauncey's face from the glare, but it was pale as death with fear.

On, on the storm came, and like a thing sentient, the boat skimmed over the waves, its prow directed at the lights of the Atlantic House.

It was a race now between the boat and the storm, and it would have been hard to tell, in the first ten minutes of the contest, which would reach the shore soonest. It was a match race—the stakes were life or death.

The roar of the coming tempest caused the saunterers on the beach to scamper to their lodgings, and when the sail of Chauncey Watterson's boat could be seen distinctly through the blackness, there was only one woman on all that great curving shore to welcome it.

She stood with her hand upon a boat, and peered eagerly into the gloom.

Now she shaded her vision with her hand, and the wind caught up her wealth of silken hair and it fluttered like a black wing behind. Hers was a regal figure, and the simple Swiss dress she wore clung to her form, and outlined its statuesque beauty.

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A GRAND LOVE STORY!

We shall commence, in our next issue,

ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON.

One of our younger race of writers, Mrs. Burton already has won an enviable place in our romance literature. To charming grace in narrative style, she unites a rich invention; to a rapid movement of persons and events, she adds a clear-cut delineation of character and *expose* of motive that give her chapters a two-fold interest.

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The evil there is in some human hearts, disguised under complacent exteriors—the dread power of gold for consummating wrong—the weakness and the strength of woman—all have a vivid and impressive exposition in this fine production, which adds one more to the now long list of star serials in the

BEST OF ALL THE WEEKLIES.

Our Arm-Chair.

Editors and the Press.—An old-time correspondent, who once tuned her lyre to many a sweet song, but who has been strangely silent for years, writes thus luminously of editors and the press:

"What an egotistical set of men editors are! They fancy that they are the oracles, by Divine commission, who shall speak the words of fate to each mortal who bows at their shrine, and that they are the arbiters of our destiny.

"A great deal of influence no doubt they exert; but it seems to me that, after all, they are great egotists.

"* * * It is the newspaper editor who exerts a telling influence on the head and heart of our vast populace, not the magazine editor. He looks in only once a month, and seems like a comparative stranger—a dignified guest. We give him a place in the parlor or parlor and put on our company smiles of leisure and decorum for a greeting. But the newspaper editor—he talks with us over our breakfast, and between the removal of the plates and the appearance of the dessert at dinner; he drops in at tea-time with pleasant, familiar chat; he is privileged to reproach or to jest, to be misanthropic or melancholy, but in any state of mind or feeling we love to have a word from him, and his views upon any subject are waited for and listened to attentively always, if not always deferentially, as to a preacher."

"Our correspondent is her own physician. If editors are egotists, it is because they feel the weight of responsibility resting upon them as directors of so potent an agency for good or evil, as the press. If they were not strangely individualized they would be *plutocrats*. If they ceased to be fearless and independent, and permitted others' ideas to control them, the paper which they conducted would soon find it necessary to change editors. Their paper is at once their pride, their charge, their property, and what many deem to be egotism is merely the individualism of the paper asserting itself—not a feeling of superiority and indifference which are ever the accompaniments of egotism.

The Secret of Success.—A merchant who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what he attributed his success in life. "To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was the reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youth of my age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and upon all my efforts."

"There you have it, boys! Obedience to those older and wiser than you, and who only labor for your welfare! Who better than a loving parent's hand can direct you right? Who so solicitous for your health, your intellectual progress, your moral development, your happiness, as the mother who bore you and the father in whose steps you are to tread? No one! Then why, even in a single act of disobedience, give them pain? Why, in any case, reject their counsel?"

"Think twice, boys, before you do any thing to oppose their wishes or reject their judgment; treasure down deep in your hearts this precious truth:

The secret of success is obedience to parents.

Six Cents worth of Advice.—As a happy illustration of the disagreeable people in every public resort, we have enjoyed the following:

"If you do not close that window, I shall die from the draught," said a lady, at dinner. "And if you do close it I shall die from the heat in this hot weather!" exclaimed a stouter fair lady. Then there was a giggle among the diners at the dilemma of the waiter, when a literary gentleman present said: "My good fellow, your duty is clear; close the window and kill one lady, and open it again and kill the other."

That is the way most persons feel, when

they meet these disagreeable people, whether they express their sentiments or keep silent. A car, a public promenade, an assembly, a dinner, are not proper places for petulant and selfish men and women to show off their weaknesses. Common sense would suggest for them to put on a pleasant face and a cheerful demeanor, in such situations, particularly if they want to make friends instead of enemies, and especially if they don't want the word COMMON NUISANCE pinned on to their hats. Do your growling and scowling and howling at home if you must do such things, and only go abroad when you can carry a face with you that people will be glad to see.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

A GREAT deal has been said on this subject; book after book has been written, introduced to and read by the public, and, in a short time, almost entirely forgotten, and consequently I can not expect that my remarks will make much impression. What I shall confine myself to will be the demoralizing effects of city life on the young of both sexes.

It has been said—and never were more truthful words spoken—that if you want to ruin a young man, give him an abundance of pocket-money and unrestrained liberty. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, boys do not consider themselves as such, but become possessed of the idea that they are full-grown men; and if they are allowed plenty of money, and can go where they choose, I can safely say that, inside of six months, what they do not know about city life is not worth knowing.

A young man's parents leave this world for a brighter and better one, and he becomes heir to a fortune. After the usual period of mourning has elapsed, he wades boldly out into the vices and follies of city life. He finds polite friends at every step, who express their willingness to show him the lions, and the "elephant." He accepts their offer, and every place of amusement, of every description, is in turn visited and revisited, until they have no charms for him. Clubs and "stag parties" come next in order, where he soon learns to drink intoxicating liquors, and after receiving their share of his attention, are discarded for the gambling-saloon, which, as a general thing, is not left until "the tiger" has been fought again and again, and the young heir finds himself penniless; and then the host of butterfly friends who clustered round him when he was wealthy, spread their pinions and soar away in search of a fresh victim.

What is the consequence? If he ever, by chance, meets one of them, he suddenly remembers that he has a pressing engagement, and enters the first omnibus, for fear he will be asked for the loan of a dollar. Such was the case with a very prominent man, whose name is a household word, who was once worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars, but, by a single frown of Dame Fortune—not by squandering his money—found himself almost penniless. While he was wealthy he was surrounded by a host of friends—as he supposed them to be; but, when he became poor, compared with his former wealth, he found himself, with a few exceptions, friendless also; but, he asks no favors of any of them now, as he is once more in his true element, and making money rapidly. I have reference to the great American showman, P. T. Barnum, Esq.

One of the soul-consuming evils that beset young men, and young women also, is the "intoxicating cup." How truthful is the saying that "the sword has slain its thousands," but *rum* has slain its legions. Many are the cases that could be cited of the misery, wretchedness, crime and death caused through the medium of this curse of mankind. I know myself of a young lad, not yet fifteen years old, whom I have seen, at least a dozen times, in a beastly state of intoxication, but of whom I can say that, if he was rescued from the brink of the yawning precipice upon which he is now standing, he would become an ornament to himself and to society.

But, how painful to all good and respectable people it is to see a female intoxicated in the street, or, indeed, anywhere; but, it has been seen more times than I care to record. How was it that they became reduced to that? Echo answers, "The Social Glass," taken up at the earnest solicitation of a friend, or, perhaps, on New Year's day, when it was offered by fair hands, which leads them on, slowly but surely, until, when they do realize their fearful peril, they realize it too late to be of any benefit to themselves. Many are the promises made to reform, only to be broken again and again; and, finding themselves shunned and avoided by friends, and even relatives, they glide swiftly down to a drunkard's grave, in many instances unwept and unmourned.

Another step may be taken by the friendless outcast and wanderer, which is to commit crime, in order to gain a living, or to gratify a desire for that kind of life after repeated but unsuccessful attempts to get work. Take, for an illustration, a case that occurred not long ago, and of which all must have a vivid recollection. I allude to the murder of Mr. Putnam by Wm. Foster, who, from all the information I can obtain concerning him, was once a respectable member of society. He is the son of a wealthy citizen of this city, and has been brought to his present situation by a fond and indulgent father, who, when he saw the foolishness of his conduct, in allowing him to have his own way, and plenty of money, with which he made a drunkard of himself, endeavored to reclaim him; but, too late; and he will probably soon pay the penalty of his crime on the scaffold.

The particulars of the above case I have taken from the newspapers; but, even if they are untrue in this case, it can not be denied that there are similar cases on record, and any doubts entertained by any person on the subject will be at once dispelled by an examination of the criminal records of the different courts. But, in a great city like New York, there are many men who lead lives no better than Wm. Foster, who, for the brief pleasure of the intoxicating cup, throw away their own happiness and welfare, and destroy the happiness of those who come in contact with them.

Much has been said by eminent writers of the bright and golden cord of friendship, but those writers were probably some of fortune's favored ones, and never had occasion, when in need, to ask a supposed friend for the loan of a dollar, and receive for an answer, "By Jove! just what I was going to ask you for." There are, of course, some exceptions, as you will, once in a while, be able to point to a person and say, truth-

fully, "There is a friend of mine," who, being a friend in need, is a friend indeed.

New York city is what might be called a world within a world—in fact, a second London or Paris; and few indeed are those who can escape the numerous vices and pitfalls spread for the innocent and unsuspecting, some of which are disguised so skillfully that they do not appear as such; but a great many, by the use of their knowledge of right and wrong, and a sort of natural instinct, are able to avoid these things, and, consequently, remain pure and happy. Of such I will say a few words.

Young men, carefully reared by sensible parents, the vices and follies of city life pointed out to them, who have a high sense of honor, with a will and mind of their own, who, when asked to indulge in any thing they know is not right and honorable, can say "No," are some of the above-mentioned class.

There are some who will not learn by friendly advice or teaching, but must learn by sad and bitter experience. They begin by saying, "Thus far will I go, and no further," but they find, on striving to reform, that they have gone too far already, and, after a few weak efforts, they give up in despair, and find themselves "played out." This is a slang phrase, but how significant! There are many "played out" boys in New York city, almost all of whom started in life with more or less talents favorable for making men of them, but, by bad habits, have ruined themselves. Such are to be pitied, and not despised, for their weakness.

A young man, in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in a whole day's circuit.

Who can deny that New York City, with all her charitable institutions and virtues, is not a hot-bed of vice and crime, in which, alas, too many have been educated? If an investigation was to be made, it would be found that a majority of its pupils have been brought there by their foolish use of money, or by doing as they "choosed." I do not wish it to be understood that I am railing against harmless amusements, such as attending a concert or a theater occasionally, but they do not stop here; they go on, step by step, until, sooner or later, they find themselves hopelessly involved in crime and misery.

I will now say a word in regard to the effects of city life on the female portion of the community. A desire and a love for dress, and inability to procure it, is the real, though indirect, cause of the downfall and ruin of many promising young girls—girls who, had they not been left to the tender mercies of a cold and unfeeling world, might have become honored and useful members of society.

The temptations that surround young girls, in a crime-cursed city like New York, are numerous, and not easy of perception, except to the eyes of experienced persons. Let any person walk through certain streets in this city, at certain times, and see if there are no temptations in the paths of the young! One of these temptations is the supper-room—restaurants for ladies—so called, which, under the guise of respectability, work more ruin among young girls than all the other temptations combined. They are the medium through which young girls have, in many instances, been ruined for life. I can cite dozens of cases where innocent young girls have been lured from the right path by the often repeated, but never kept, promises of an easy life and plenty of money, by some of the opposite sex, but found out their mistake too late, and, broken-hearted and ruined, they sought peace and rest from the scornful glances and whisperings of a pitiless world beneath the cold and cruel waters of the Hudson or the East river. Cases similar to the above are one of the evils that no civilized community has yet been able to eradicate. Various attempts have been made to prevent this, but have been accomplished.

The above is no fanciful picture, drawn from the imagination, but a terrible one of real life. Men and women, no matter to what class of society they belong, have the remedy for this evil in their own hands. They have a right, and they ought to exercise more control over their children. To be brief, their control ought to cease only when their children are married and settled for life, or have taken their departure to a better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

JAMES B. HENLEY.

TWO SIGNS.

"No admittance except on business." That means just exactly what it says. It implies that you are not to go into an editor's office and ramble over his exchanges and take up his valuable time, unless you have something very important to communicate. It implies that you're not to go into your neighbor's house at unreasonable times, and detain the good housewife from her work by talking of things of no interest to her, and keeping her from getting her husband's meals. It means that you must not go into the factories to chatter with the workers, thus making them lose half a day's pay for the idling caused by you. It is intended to inform you that your presence is not needed behind the scenes of a theater, unless you are engaged there. Actors and actresses' time is so valuable as any other person's. It is a sign that you're not wanted at the engineer's stand on a train of cars, nor in the pilot's room on board of a steamer. Were you to enter into a conversation, the engineer or pilot might forget his duties, and loss of life be the result. It means that you must not pry into the secrets of the poor, unless it is your intention to relieve them, but it is the business of every man to aid his weaker brother, if it is a possible thing to do so. The sign means that you shall not enter the house of God to notice other persons' faults. Your business there is to pray for pardon for your own sins. By carefully examining your conscience you will find that you are not exempt from them.

"No money taken at the door." Another good sign, and meant to make less temptations as regards the honesty of the door-keeper; but, what a subject for the moralist! He would tell you that there is a door leading to heaven, but your riches will not be the means of your getting there. You may delve and dig for ore; you may toil early and late to possess yourself of money, but, if you do not make the right use of it here, how can you look for a reward hereafter? What is the use of sitting at home, dressed in your silks, and thumping on the piano,

"Save the boy," if you don't stretch forth your hand to save him?

You may have your coffin lined with silks and satins, have the rarest of flowers strewed upon your grave, but you'll not go straight to heaven for it all. You can not gain a place there on the strength of your money. It is what you have *done* with your riches, and not how *much* you were worth in dollars, which will be weighed in the balance. Some people seem to have an idea that there will be two kinds of a heaven hereafter—one for the rich and another for the poor. There is much fear of their being mistaken in that.

We are here only to prepare ourselves for a purer and better life, and it lies with ourselves whether we improve our chances or not. Is it not, then, our duty to do what good we can with the amount God has entrusted us with? We must do it while here, for there will be "no money taken at the door."

F. S. F.

Foolsap Papers.

The Wandering Jew.

THIS gentleman was a Hebrew Jew (he bought and sold second-hand clothes in the city of Jew-rusalem), who was doomed, for refusing a cup of water to the Savior of men, to remain on the earth till the second advent—a doom which would have been very *advent*-ageous to him if he had very much business to attend to, and wanted a long time to do it in; and I am inclined to believe that he has put in his time very well, for I have seen him continually roaming up and down the earth with a pack on his back, and I don't think there is an hour in the day but I see him, and frequently three or four of him, weary and dusty, and bending beneath his weight of "sheep" goods.

I have seen him stalk perspiringly up to my neighbor's door and batter it with a club which he carries seemingly for a cane, but in reality to batter front doors with; and I have also seen the good, frightened little housewife drop her needle and noiselessly steal into the hall on tiptoe, and silently and tremblingly turn the catel on the lock, knowing it was our inevitable wanderer, and inwardly congratulating herself upon her escape, until she saw him boldly march in the back door, without knocking at all, and set his bundle down on the floor, and the poor little creature, to get rid of him, would be compelled to buy every thing that she didn't need, and nothing she did.

Often has he pursued his solitary way to my house. He has beaten me to the front door, got in before I had a chance to lock it. He has opened his valise and exposed to my wondering eyes *spectacles*. Then he has looked into my eyes, which I consider good, and said: "You can't see far away any petter as closer together. Some dimes can't see nodings far away, yust so; can't read vine brint mooch after dark, I don't guess, and sometimes even you look sot some things you dinks you sees nodings." (I admit to him that I often look at my money and see very little,) "and a bear of dish spectacles makes your eyesh all right in a little while again, a'ready, don't it?"

He has stood and worked half an hour to get my gate open, (which I had fastened when I saw him going into my neighbor's), while I was standing at my window ordering him away, but that didn't stop him; he only worked harder at the gate, and said: "Dis ish nicer dings dan ever you did saw; sheep too;" then I would tell him to light out, but he would only say, as he worked at the gate: "You would never gif offer it if I vos to go away mitout gittin' you to see dis dings." Then he kept on saying that over without minding what I said, and then he scaled the fence, took me by storm, and opened the biggest load of jewelry I ever saw, all of it nice and clean because it had just been re-washed, and most of it would actually wear a day and a half fully before it would turn to brass; hypocritical watches that a box of pills wouldn't move—that their own patent levers couldn't budge, with brass chains plated with brass and similar productions of the house of *Jewed-ah*.

He will never die. He has stalked in before I was expecting him, leaned his staff against the wall, put his old battered hat, that he bought when he first set out on his wanderings, upon the mantel-piece, said it was a "fery fine day," got down upon his knees, unpacked his bundle and spread out before my eyes his table-covers, which had been unfolded so often they were actually worn out, and if they were dear at any price they were cheap at no price, with all his suspenders thrown in.

He has compelled me to praise his goods when I had moral courage enough not to buy them, and I will remark here, in his eternal favor, that he never has left my door, however badly he has been treated, without a smile and a pleasant good-day, for the simple reason that he expected to call again with something else.

I have seen him edging into a house when a funeral was crowding out, for nothing daunts him.

As I have passed him in his long, weary journey of life, he has frequently bumped me off the sidewalk with the most philosophical indifference, and I have turned to kick him for his pains, but desisted when I saw that, if I would make a justified attempt, I would only bestow it upon his bundle, for he was completely hidden from eye and shielded from foot by the said burthen of life, and looked like a mythological Mitchell's atlas with the world on his back.

I have often remarked with what stoical fortitude he treads on the little children's toes, and knocks peanut stands over, and how cheerfully he takes dish-water, and receives dish-cloths and such other discouragements in material shapes, for they all seem immaterial to him.

You can't scare him with a bull-dog, for I have frequently loaded a dog to the muzzle, and then discharged him at our Wanderer, but without effect. Dogs won't bite him.

Let me close with the language of the poet: "Days, months, years and ages shall circle away, And still his great pack of cheap goods he'll unroll."

Earth shall lose not thy patterns forever and aye, Oh, Abraham, Abraham, peace to thy sole!

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Good health is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like a lute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage in two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book MS." and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wasted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" (third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter. Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will use "Bubbles," "Beware of that Man," "Beware of that Woman," "The Accuticle," "Wishes," "A Fortunate Glance," "The Wedding Gift," "A Silly Girl."

Can not find place for the following: "Villain Foiled," No stamps.—"Silence," This MS. we return.—"Pirate's Treasure," No stamps.—"A Grievous Wrong," "The Last Stamp," "The Harrod Murder," "Three Amits," "The Old Maid," "Peanut and Plenty," "A Patriotic Married Man," "Give Me Glory!" "I Live to Love," "Keep Time with the People."

M. O. R. says: "Won't you ask Washington Whitehorn to tell us his name?" Come up, Washington, and mind you remember all about the little hatches!

W. E. O. Subscription expires with No. 92.

I. T. Ocean Girl will run ten or twelve numbers, Agate Pennie will write again before long.

Wm. C. The Bloomington Park is only open to subscribers, or real estate holders in the property.

G. G. says: "Since you have been so good as to post us in regard to the history of that peculiarly American institution, tobacco, do tell us something about the potato, which, I believe, is also a native." We answer: the potato is a native of the American continent, but was naturalized in England about 1585, under the patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh—the god-father, also, of tobacco. Harriot, the keen-eyed scholar and historian of Raleigh's expedition, gathered, in that part of Virginia which is now North Carolina, large quantities of the potato, maize and tobacco; and Bancroft says the records of the voyage show that "the tuberous roots of the potato were found, when boiled, to be very good food." Specimens were sent back to the Queen. The first crop was sown on Sir Walter Raleigh's estates in Youghal, Ireland—whence the name, Irish potato.

ADOLPH G. asks if it is true that there is enough iron in the blood of ten men to make a plowshare. It is not true. A good authority states that the average quantity in a healthy person's circulation is about one ounce, or one of an ounce—or, as a French writer expresses it, "Just enough, if extracted, to make a mourning ring." The chief function of this metal in the system seems to be to carry oxygen, for which this metal has a powerful affinity, from the lungs, in the arterial blood, throughout the entire body. The deficiency is indicated by a peculiar pale or greenish hue in the complexion. The very common practice of feeding "iron tonics" to persons of pale or thin blood is doing far more harm than good. It is a physician's hobby, and like all their other hobbies will soon be superseded by some other hobby, its antipodes in nature and effect but equally absurd. But then, you know, people like to be humbugged—and they are in the process of patent-medicine men generally. Use the preparations of iron very sparingly, is our advice. Thus used they are of value.

ESSIE V. is angry that, in all the fashion reports, so many French phrases and terms are used. Why, my dear miss, it wouldn't be fashionable if it wasn't foreign. *Bonnet*, *bonnet*, like home-made goods, never would do for Flora McFlimisey. It is only sensible people who talk and write good English, not the fashion devotees.

Mrs. ELLA L. G. says: "Don't you think many of the stories given in Harper's *Monthly* and *Weekly*, and *Century*, are really very silly?" Well, suppose we do? We are not responsible for their character. It is to be presumed that their editors know their audience and cater to it. All we can say is, if many of their accepted stories and sketches were offered to us, we would cast them aside as not good enough for our columns. When they do go into the "sensational" they treat us to such indecent serials as *Anteros*, and "The Terrible Temptation"—both of which are simply disgracefully bad, according to our apprehension.

GRACE GREEN asks us our opinion of such stories as Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation," now running through *Harper's Weekly*, *Day's Doings*, and *New York Mercury*. Our opinion is that it is too grossly indecent, in all its aspects, for any decent publication; and that, in writing it, the author has grossly outraged his wide circle of friends, has violated their confidence, and has tainted a name that his genius should have preserved pure. The eagerness with which a certain class of vicious publications have been seized, tells its own story. Alas for Charles Reade! Shame on the professedly decent journals which are publishing the loathsome production!

Authors sometimes have strange ways of following the editor's orders. One writer always incloses stamps for a possible return, but sticks his stamps upon the inside of the envelope, which, of course, is destroyed in opening the package, and usually is thrown aside without examination. Another sticks the stamp on the back of one of the inside MS. pages, as if to make us hunt for it. Another sends a merely newspaper per postage and asks us to remit, with the MS., our reasons for the return—which, of course, would subject the entire package to letter post rates.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THREE LOVE ROMANCES

BY

THREE CHARMING CONTRIBUTORS,

VIZ.,

LAURA'S PERIL; or, The Wife's Victory. By Bartley T. Campbell, author of "In the Web," "Out in the World," etc., etc.

ADRIA, THE ADOPTED; or, The Mystery of Ellsworth Grange. A romance of American Life. By Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton.

ALSO,

BARBARA'S VENGEANCE; or, The Curse of Chetwynd Chase. A powerful story. By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell, author of "Oath Bound," "Love Blind," etc., etc.

ALL SOON TO COMMENCE!

BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL AGAIN!

The new romance by this popular and graceful writer, viz., *LAURA'S PERIL*, will soon commence. It is, like his "In the Web," powerfully cast and highly dramatic in story. Exhibiting all the writer's keen insight of character, it is also strikingly original in its plot and accessories. Mr. C. has many of the good qualities of Charles Reade, without the English author's *taint*.—Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton's new serial will attract all lovers of love and heart romance. It is equal in power, interest and beauty to any thing which has recently been offered to readers.

FORSAKEN.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

I know that I love him, though my lips should deny,
And say that his presence is baneful when night
That each look and each tone, though they thrill my
sad heart.
Affect me no more than some comedy's part—
Just ripple the surface of my being's lake.
Wherever glide shadows borne onward by fate,
Whose smooth silver surface would never disclose
The swift, surging current which under it flows.
Yea, though I die for it! he never shall know
All the pain and the anguish of bitterest woe.
Which his glances, his cruelty wrought in my soul,
When he left me so coldly at Love's shining goal—
Toward which, hand in hand, we had journeyed
along.
When our skies were all sunshine, and gladness, and
song.
When the earth shone with beauty as never before,
And afar brightly beamed the lights from Love's
shore.
Can I ever forgive him for blasting my life?
And her whom he calls his beloved, his wife?
Though the grave yawn beneath me, so dark and so
cold.
I can not forget till myself I enfold.
But canker-like, wearing my frail life away,
Is the love which I bore him, and bear him to-day;
It dries up the life-springs; it will not depart;
And slowly, but surely, 'tis breaking my heart.

In the Wilderness.

VI.—FIRE-HUNTING.

THE season of deer-hunting had come, and Viator, with Scribbler and the student, now as keen a woodsman as the others, and a dead shot, were out upon the lakes. Old Ben was in his place as guide, but the versatile "Gustus" had not thought fit to be with the party. Six weeks' tramp with four such men had disgusted him with the woodsman's life, and he had returned to the city and his usual vocations in loquacious, billiard, and moat and flirtation.

The lake was beautiful that night. The somber pines hung low about the sedgy banks, and the cry of the loon and diver sounded with startling distinctness from the dark water. The canoes pushed out from the shore, each with its jack-light in the bow, with the screen in front to hide the hunters from the game. As usual Ben took the student in his boat, and instructed him in what was to him a new mode of hunting. The canoes swept silently onward beside the banks, while keen eyes scanned the shore for signs of game. Suddenly the paddle of old Ben arrested and he touched the student on the shoulder and pointed to the shore. The quick eyes of the hunter saw what appeared to be two small balls of fire suspended in the air, under the branches to the left. He had before received his instructions, and took up his rifle which lay in the hollow of his arm, and rising cautiously to his knee, the piece dropped into the hollow of his hand, came slowly to the shoulder and exploded. There was a confused sound, as of the fall and struggle of a heavy body, and with a whoop of delight at the success of his *protege*, the old guide headed for the shore, followed immediately by the other canoe.

"Keep back thar!" cried old Ben, as the student sprang unarmed to the shore. "You don't know what a wounded buck is as well as I do."

Pushing the young hunter aside, he snatched up a blazing brand in his left hand and drew his hunting-knife. No need of any such precaution. The bullet had passed through the brain, and there, extended upon the green shore, lay the first buck of the season, his beautiful eyes dim in death, and the blood welling from the ragged hole in his forehead, made by the bullet from the deadly twisted bore. The student looked with a sort of compassionate sadness, not unmixed with delight, at this first trophy of his skill, while Ben, stooping, plunged his knife into the throat of the deer.

"Hunter law," he said. "The man who kills the first buck must have the hunter's mark."

He dipped his finger in the flowing blood and streaked the forehead of the successful hunter with it, while the rest looked on laughing.

"You need not laugh, Scribbler," said the student. "No Indian was ever prouder of his war-paint than I of this bloody badge. Shall we push on?"

"I think we had better separate, square," said Ben. "You take south and we'll take the north. I don't give you half so good a chance when we go first. My chap hyar will pick up all the game. And look hyar; keep that Scribbler back and don't let him rush in on a wounded buck and git his head kicked off. That would spile his book-writin', I rathar guess."

Let us follow the fortunes of Viator. He turned his canoe to the south and moved steadily along the shore, until he saw four shining eyeballs gazing curiously at him from the bank. There is something inexplicable in the interest which the deer takes in a fire at night, and where no alarm is given, they will stand gazing at it until the fatal shot lays them low. Here were two, and Viator whispered to Scribbler to take the lower one. The rifles were lifted and cracked at the same moment. The one at which Viator fired fell with a crash upon the leaves, but the other, wild with the pain of his wound, bounded madly forward and sprang into the water, swimming vigorously out into the lake.

"Take a paddle, Scribbler," roared Viator. "Hurrah! we'll have him now."

The paddles dropped into the water, but the deer had already put fifty yards between himself and the boat, and only those who have tried it know how a deer can swim, when maddened by fear. He breasted the miniature waves of the lake gallantly, keeping well in advance, although the two pursuers were skillful paddlers. He was just in the line of light thrown by the jack-fire, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that they gained upon him inch by inch. Snorting in fear, and leaping half way out of the water at every stroke, the deer swam on, his huge antlers resting on his shoulders, and the blood from the wound in his neck dyeing the water about him.

"Bend your back, Scribbler," shouted Viator. "Don't let him gain on us. Hurrah! this is something like living."

Scribbler bent his back, or at least he thought he did. They were gaining now slowly but surely, and the buck knew it as well as they, and his efforts to escape were wonderful. Though struggling against hope he dashed on with untiring strength, with his eyes fixed upon the island in front to which he was making his way. Viator saw that the race was nearly over, and that the deer must soon come within reach of their paddles. Suddenly, with the desperation which sometimes makes a timid animal brave, he turned upon them, just as the pad-

dle of Scribbler was lifted above his head. The blow fell upon the water and the buck, with a mighty effort, threw his forefeet over the gunwale of the canoe, and the water poured in. The men had just time to save their guns when they were struggling in the water. Scribbler laid hold of the canoe, but Viator, incensed by the accident, dealt the animal a blow with the blade of his paddle which ended the struggle as far as the deer was concerned.

"Have you lost your gun, Scrib?" said Viator, swimming up to the canoe.

"No, I hung on to that, but the canoe is full of water."

"Take my gun," said the older hunter, "and put it in the rack. Never mind the water. We will have to dry them anyhow. Put your own gun with it and find the dipper."

Luckily the bailer had not fallen out, and by its help they lightened the canoe enough so that the lighter of the two men could get in, and he quickly threw out the rest of the water. There was still a little fire in the pan, and they had a supply of fatpine, upon which water has little effect, and the fire was soon blazing merrily. Viator now climbed in over the stern, and fastening a rope about the antlers of the deer they made for the shore at the point where they had found the game. Here they landed and found that Viator's shot had been fatal to the doe, which lay dead upon the bank. They hurriedly stripped and poured the water out of their boots, wrung out their coats and waistcoats, dried their guns and were off again upon the water, in nowise discomfited by their involuntary bath. The buck they had chased was a noble fellow, larger than the one shot by the student, bearing the antlers of a six-year-old. For hours the two canoes crept along the shores and met at last upon the eastern bank. Both had done nobly, and when they collected the game at morning five does and four bucks were extended upon the grassy sward.

A Sea-side Idyl.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

ABOVE, the sky all aglow with the yellow and crimson of sunset. The short green turf, soft and echoless, a stretch of fields brown in their stubbled bareness, some clumps of scrubby woodland, black rocks rising stark and grim from the waste of yellow sands, and beyond all, reflecting back both earth and sky, the sea—these lay below.

A sail or two fluttered out against the horizon. A great bird hung poised in mid-air between sea and sky. Some stragglers had congregated on the beach, forming little knots where cool linens and crisp lawns brought relief to the eye, from the lurid glow reflected on the sea, and the dead monotony of the sands.

Jasper Dane, with Lora Earle by his side, sauntered into view of it all. He paused, letting his eye rove carelessly over the scene with that lack of enthusiasm which familiarity will breed. Not so with Lora. She clasped her hands and held her breath, as her eager gaze drank in the beauties of the unrolled pageant.

She had never before caught more than passing glimpses of the sea which seemed to her like snatches of rippled cloud and sky. Jasper waited for some outburst of admiration, and wondering at her silence, stooped over her with a questioning glance. "Is reality less forcible than imagery, Lora? Were your expectations so much greater than this that you have no words for your disappointment?"

She turned her face toward him, lit up with that rapt, intent expression which always puzzled him.

"Disappointed, oh, Jasper! I have no words, indeed, but because of the 'sublime immensity' which never impressed me even in my most vivid dreams."

It seemed to her that she would never tire of watching the waves which danced and dimpled with ever-changing light. But Dane, amused for a moment by her utter absorption of mind and sense, wearied soon, and yawned slightly behind his shapely hand.

The blonde beardless youth of twenty-three had exhausted more than a cursory interest over any of nature's wonders. The beach was rapidly becoming thronged and snatches of words and laughter rung out near them. Jasper's listlessness vanished as he recognized an approaching group.

"The Athertons. It's a fortuitous happening, Lora. I couldn't prevent you to a more agreeable party. Come. I promise that you will not long remain unknown and alone."

Natalie Atherton greeted Dane with unmistakable pleasure, and vouchsafed to Lora a word and smile that went straight to the girl's heart. She had not known much of tenderness during her short young life, and was grateful for even such passing tribute from a stranger.

Then they all moved on together, mingling with the gay human tide, flowing so carelessly there by the side of the great ocean. But, by and by, Lora found herself separated from her new friends, standing aloof from the throng. Near her, Jasper had forgotten her very existence under the influence of Natalie's witching presence. She watched them, thinking to herself what a handsome pair they made, yet feeling a thrill of pride that Dane, fair-haired and patrician-faced, was wholly pledged to her.

Philip Hampton, pacing back and forth alone, had glanced at her with smiling interest, once or twice, and now came to her side with the quiet address which was never intrusive.

"You like this Babel?" he said, interrogatively. "Can you evoke order out of chaos, or is it the kaleidoscope glitter you prefer? I have heard only fragmentary expressions, seen only one mass of drapery supersede another during the last half hour."

"Then you have not used your eyes to good purpose," she returned, woman-like, taking up his last words. "I find enough in this host of faces to draw out a train of fanciful speculations."

"Are you a physiognomist? What do you think of my cousin Natalie, then?"

She looked up in surprise.

"Your cousin? You are so unlike."

"I have West Indian blood in my veins, and she is wholly Northern. Is that an evasion of my inquiry?"

"I don't pretend to read any one's nature by his countenance. If the two were always found to correspond, Miss Atherton would certainly possess a beautiful soul."

"A neat bit of compliment. Fairer than

Dane is turning her now, I wager, though

he's well up to such by-play. Do you stay here long?"

"All the summer, I hope. Every thing is so new to me that the time in prospective seems limited enough."

The rosy glow had dwindled low in the western sky. The purple haze of early twilight brooded softly over the distant view. Already the crowd upon the beach began to thin. Philip threw a light shawl he carried about his companion's shoulders.

"It is growing chill," he said. "I brought that for Natalie, but she is already provided for."

After that they walked slowly back and forth along the level sands, he telling her of the beautiful nights he had seen beneath foreign skies, she listening and leading him on to other themes by her few appreciative words.

The dusk settled thick about them, pierced by the stars which glimmered down like tiny points of golden light. The tolling of a distant bell brought them out of their self-absorption; the hotel was all aglow with light, and the faint echo of music was wafted out.

Lora took herself to task when she stood in her own room, hastily smoothing out her damp hair, and knotting a fresh ribbon at her throat.

"It is not like me to be so forgetful," she thought. "I hope Jasper has not missed me."

Her mind was set at rest on that score, ere long.

Going down into the parlors, she found Dane there with Miss Atherton. He did not observe her at first, but after a time, caught sight of her and came that way.

"Did you expect me to bring you down, Lora? We were out in the boat, Natalie and I, and were later than we meant. Are you enjoying yourself, little one?"

"Very much," she said, and Jasper, contented in the conviction that his duty to his betrothed was satisfactorily performed, went back to Natalie's side. After all, he had known nothing of the protracted stroll in the dusky night, with the murmur of the sea sounding an accompaniment to their low-voiced thoughts.

The days flew by with the swiftness which marks only happy hours. Miss Atherton took a fancy to Lora, and indulging it to the unreasoning extent which she accorded her caprices, the two were seldom apart. It may have been this fact which blinded Lora for so long to Jasper Dane's marked interest in Natalie; or it may have been that the new happiness whose origin was yet unacknowledged in her own heart, made her less sensitive of his changed manner toward herself.

The knowledge came to her by means of an episode which threatened to bring this idyl of a season to a tragical finis.

Natalie and Lora had been wandering along the coast and tempted on by unique specimens of shell and sea-weed, clambered far out over the rocks left bare by the receding tide. They sat down in a pleasant nook to rest and arrange their treasures, and unthinkingly lingered there. When they attempted to return they found retreat shut off by the incoming waters.

Points of black rock stood up here and there, and at a little distance a ledge rising higher than the rest seemed to promise a pathway to the shore. Lora drew her companion's attention to this.

"If we can only reach it," she said, "we will be safe. Come, Natalie, we must risk any chance. To stay here is certain death."

But Natalie shrunk back, cowering with terror.

"I can not. I am dizzy now—I should fall between the rocks. Oh, Lora, this is dreadful, to be closed in on all sides by the cruel waters; but surely, we shall not die. Surely, they will search for us—save us!" Lora, noting how swiftly the water rose about them, knew the danger of waiting for tardy assistance, yet had not the heart to negative this piteous appeal.

"I trust so, Natalie," she replied, affecting a hopefulness she did not feel. "But, lest no one should come, I shall try and reach the shore and send aid to you."

But, Natalie, clinging to her, begging that she should not be left there alone; and every moment of time consumed was lessening their chance of escape. Lora put away her clinging hands, telling her in decisive words the truth of their danger. It was an isolated spot, where no one might pass for hours to come, and it was most unlikely that their absence—of daily occurrence—would awaken misgivings. Their one reliable hope depended upon her reaching the shore.

Convinced, Natalie let her go, wailing piteously at her own hard fate. Selecting her path with greatest care, springing from rock to rock, Lora approached the ledge. Then, almost there, she stood still, the bitterness of despair for the first time forcing itself to be felt. A space of smooth water, which her feeble strength could not overlap, stretched before her. Slowly, she turned and made her way back to the spot she had left.

Her white face silenced Natalie's plaints, and the latter covered down upon the rock almost senseless with terror.

The waves lapped up the sides of their temporary refuge, the shadows on the shore lying so mockingly near lengthened, and the minutes wore away freighted with a burden of wordless agony.

Then Natalie sprang up with a glad cry, stretching her hands toward the rocks.

"Jasper, oh! Jasper, save me!"

Lora looked to see Jasper Dane, and to hear his cry:

"Great heavens, Natalie!"

No word and no thought for her, his betrothed, at that moment. She knew then how utterly his heart had grown away from her. A wave broke over the rock upon which they stood. Dane leaned over the ledge of rocks, wringing his hands in helpless agony. Lora knew their fate then. He could not swim, and before other aid could be procured the water would have swept them from their uncertain foothold.

Then a man came leaping down to the water's edge, and all at once the peace of security fell upon Lora. It was Philip Hampton, whose strong arm buoyed them up over the treacherous surface, which would have ripped as placidly had their dead faces been concealed underneath it.

Jasper met them with outstretched arms that clasped Natalie in their close embrace, while he wept tears of thankfulness over her.

Philip turned away from them with a rigid look upon his face, but it softened into one of ineffable, pitying tenderness as he met Lora's eyes.

"You know it now," he said. "Is the truth very bitter, Lora? I would give my own life could it spare you unhappiness."

She looked up at him bravely, not without betraying some pain from the fresh wound which her pride more than her heart had received.

"I shall be glad of this some day," she said. "Just now, you must bear with my weakness. I am hurt, but not crushed."

His hand closed over her's with a painful pressure.

"Lora, little Lora, will you let me help you? I love you as he never could."

And afterward, when she had probed her wound and tested her endurance, she knew that the heart she had won was by far more precious to her than the one lost to her had ever been.

The Black Crescent: OR, COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE. A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"FATHER," said Eola, in a calm, stern voice, "what has transpired this afternoon, besides being an insult to me, is wrapped in such mystery that I have a right to ask explanation. You forget what I have undergone. You do not realize the magnitude of my injury. The rights of woman, the bonds of delicacy, etiquette, honor—all have been outraged by that miserable man, in his unaccountable language! How did he dare speak to *you* as he did?"

"Some other time, Eola. Wait a little while. I am too disturbed, unsettled, to answer your inquiries now."

"No, it must be at once—here! I was in the hall during your conversation awhile ago, and though I am not an eavesdropper, I felt warranted in listening, after what has passed. To say I am amazed does not express my state of mind. Harold Haxon wields some terrible influence over you—"

"Eola! Eola!"

"Ay, you are in his power! How? In what way? Speak! I must, I will know!" Her lovely face was aglow, her blue eyes were unusually brilliant, and the lips compressed together firmly, when she concluded her forcible speech.

"Not now," he said, striving to soothe her.

"More," she continued, growing warmer in her resolution to untangle the web which confused her; "tell me what he meant by—the Black Crescent?"

Harnden Forde started.

"You see, I heard all. What was meant by his allusion to the crescent? Look!—I have it upon my arm! You know it is there!"

Unbuttoning her jacket-sleeve, she bared her arm to the shoulder; and there, just above the elbow-joint, was a *fac simile*, as close as India ink could make it, of the crescent which Harnden Forde had looked upon, in his library, on the night previous.

It was distinctly outlined, tiny spots indicated the diamonds in admirable imitation; and each small prong was surmounted by a minute crown to resemble the original device.

"Tell me," she cried; "what does this mean?"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHO IS HE?

UPON leaving Forde's house, Harold Haxon took a down-town car, and proceeded to "Guy's," where his last cent was paid over for a glass of ale, over which to ponder upon what he had passed through within the hour.

The behavior of Forde gave him great uneasiness.

"I'd give an arm to know what's up!" he mused. "Gil Bret is a deep one, and he must know why mention of the crescent should create such a rumpus. I shall demand a clearing up. Strange, how that man keeps me in continual darkness concerning his secrets. I have been associated long enough with him to warrant his confidence. And he, alone, knows who I am—of my parents—yet will not tell me. Can it be that he kidnapped me, when an infant? Hardly so; for I have always been allowed the utmost liberty of action; and he has never used harsh means to keep me near him. He seems interested in me—very. To-night I will ask again. But then, it will be useless; he won't speak out. He always puts me off. I wonder if there can be any blood-tie between us?"

Finishing his glass of ale, he walked out into the street, his meditations again, as in the morning, having for their center the unexplained disappearance of Austin Burns.

Bret had said nothing regarding the young man, and Harold Haxon was so absorbed in the bruiser's instructions that he had forgotten his rival.

Haxon was no sooner beyond the door, than a rather odd-looking individual sidled from the back counter, advanced with long, cranky strides, and, reaching the pavement, gazed after him.

Six feet would not compass his height; a bean-pole, warped by exposure, conveys an admirable idea of his bodily appearance; his skeleton head was surmounted by an old, worn silk hat; around his throat, where an "Adam's apple" pointed prominently, was a dirty white satin kerchief; and underneath his arm he carried a white umbrella, rather worse than new.

He stood with nose elevated, and pale-gray eyes riveted, watching the retreating form of Haxon.

"That's him!" he squeaked; "two to one on it. Can't fool me with that nose, those eyes and them lips. No, sir-ee! Hum! Louise Ternor's counterpart, for all the world. He's certainly a rascal—runs in the family! Bad character, no doubt of it. Harold Haxon!—Harold Fiddlesticks! So. He's gone. Now then. All the way from Richmond by telegraph! Where's Wat Blake?—that's what I'm after. Um-m-m! He was extremely nervous, fidgeting about while speaking; and when he concluded, he darted off in the direction of Holliday street."

Bells were tolling the hour of seven when Harold Haxon entered a car for Broadway, to fulfill his engagement with Gil Bret.

The afternoon had been whiled away, partly with strolling about, and half the time at Leach's billiard-room.

At the latter place he could be in a looker-on, had to forego indulgence in his

favorite amusement, owing to the fact that he was "broke."

He had turned the matter of his moneyless state over and over in his brain, but, with all the fertile substance of that organ, had failed to conceive how he and Bret could keep afloat without resorting to desperate means, since Forde was so obstinate about the crescent.

"If that stubborn, high-spirited fairy, Eola, can only be brought around at once," he thought, "Bret and I can manage some way, to live for a few days. Once installed as Forde's son-in-law, then we are all right—plenty of money!"

As the car turned the corner, at Broadway, and Haxon got out to continue up Baltimore street, a new idea fixed upon his mind.

"By the Eternal!" he exclaimed; "if Forde *won't* give me the crescent, and Eola *won't* marry me, even to save her father—if the worst comes, then he shall supply me with money. He shall pay me a good, round salary to keep his secret; and the check he is to give me to-morrow shall be the initiatory of my drawings on his purse. But I want the girl," he concluded, slowly; "for she is a jewel!"

Arriving at the corner of the Park fence, he walked slowly down toward the gates; not expecting to meet Bret, as he was somewhat earlier than the hour appointed.

He had taken but a few steps, when he stopped short, and looked ahead.

Two men were struggling in a fierce embrace; and a deep curse was borne to his ears, as they fell to the pavement, rolling over and over.

At first he thought it merely a drunken brawl; but the voice that framed the savage oath was familiar, and, with an exclamation of surprise, he sprang forward.

The darkness was intense. He could not distinguish between them. At a risk, he leveled a stunning blow at the one who happened to be uppermost.

The man sunk down, with a groan, and his released antagonist leaped to his feet.

At this critical juncture, a figure darted out from the doorway of the restaurant, on the opposite side of the street, and uttered a shrill cry of:

"Police! Police!" It was the mysterious individual with the white umbrella.

He landed, like a shot, on Harold Haxon—flourishing his dilapidated rain-shield, and with it demolishing Haxon's best and only silk hat; for the blow he struck was like a lightning-bolt.

"Take that from me!" he shouted.

"That's one I owe you—and it's paid! Come on—they're done for!"

Partially stunned by the unexpected stroke, Harold Haxon reeled backward and fell, almost before he could recover from his first astonishment; for he of the umbrella was quick as an electric flash in his movements, his descent was like the apparition of an invincible specter, and he was now hurrying away before Haxon dropped.

Wat Blake, keeping his resolution to secure the paper which, he knew, Gil Bret carried about his person, had watched since nightfall at the Golden Gates. But he had not, in accordance with his first intention, taken an assistant with him—deeming his own strength sufficient to overcome the bruiser.

Bret was not long in making his appearance, and Blake immediately went up to him.

"This is Gil Bret?" he said, interrogatively, pausing directly before him.

"That's my name. Who're you?"

"Maybe you have heard of me. My name is Blake—"

"Ha!"

"Wat Blake they call me."

"It is, eh?" uttered the bruiser, in a measured tone, striving to scrutinize the other's features. "Guess you're out a little there. Wat Blake went to the mines when he was a youngster, he did; an' there ain't nothin' been heard on 'im since. They say 'at he died out there."

"He did not die. I am he, Gil Bret. I am the brother of Bertha Blake—she whom you and Harold Haxon and a few thieving cutthroats tried to drown, off Locust Point, because she had discovered a plot of yours to rob the captain's safe on the ferryboat! I say I am her brother! I ought to kill you!" He spoke hotly, and his breath came quick and short.

Bret was no coward. He was ever ready to fight for a "hold," and once securing that, a bull-dog was no circumstance to his tenacious clutch. Ever possessed of a brute courage, and, as we have stated, a brain that was generally cool, he was not the man to wince at a few strong words. And even when faced with guilt, his free and easy style was not in the least disturbed.

"Well," he said, eying Blake from head to foot, to compute the strength he would have to contend against, "if you're for killin' anybody 't seems to me 'at you'd better begin right here—now!" His hand moved to a small dagger concealed beneath his vest, and he gathered his energies for a home thrust with the deadly weapon.

In marking the ponderous build of Blake he saw that, in physical powers, he was the latter's inferior. And besides, his antagonist would be stimulated by a burning hatred.

If Haxon was only there! But he was not.

"No," said Blake; "I don't want your worthless life!"

Bret could not disguise the fact that he felt relieved.

"But," he added, "you have a paper that I do want?"

"What paper?"

"I know not what it contains; but I do know that, with it, you and your villainous companion, Harold Haxon, are making a slave of Harnden Forde—"

"You do, eh?"

"Yes. I am here to demand it of you. Give it to me."

Blake's hand was in the breast-pocket of his antagonist. In another second, he drew out a pocket-book. The murderous fist descended—glanced, and spent its force on the bricks.

A cry of pain, a curse was upon Bret's lips, when he received a blow from behind, which felled him senseless.

Wat, Blake gained his feet in time to see figure No. 4 knock down figure No. 3; and then, with the long, lanky individual beside him, he dashed away, down Pratt street.

"Who are you?" he asked, as they neared a gas lamp.

The light just then fell upon his companion's face, and he exclaimed:

"Christopher Crewly!"

"That's me! All the way from Richmond by telegraph! How are you, Wat, Blake?—and how's your sister?"

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF FOR THE CAPITOL.

FORDE'S agitation increased as Eola held her bare arm aloft, and exposed the crescent, pricked in India ink, upon the pure skin.

He had succeeded thus far in evading his child whenever she sought explanation of the mystery which seemed suddenly to have shrouded their house; but, in the present instance, he marked her resolute demeanor with no steady glance, and appeared unable, for a few seconds, to articulate.

With her fair forehead wrinkled slightly in a frown, and an expression of feature that told him excuses were no longer available, she stood. Her air was one of command, a mien of grace that combined the majesty of unswerving resolution; and her father, the man about whom there existed such mysterious and unfathomable atmospheres, was loth to speak.

"Once more, I bid you tell me all!" she said, and her voice was now of a low, peculiar tone. "Your strange actions have driven from me the only man I ever loved, or will love! Your inexplicable helplessness has submitted me to grossest insult—me, your child! And I, in the name of the honor of the Forde, demand a reason for this singular play. Tell me, sir."

This spirit in Eola was new to Forde. It was the first exhibition of the woman in the beautiful fairy, who had always seemed to him simply a loving, obedient, careless girl. But her dignity had suffered; her heart was torn.

"Eola, go—leave me now, that I may calm myself. If you heard our conversation, then you know how greatly I am unsettled. I can not speak, at present, all that is weighing upon my mind."

"You will not?"

"Will not, if you choose. But I promise you."

"You have promised before," she interrupted, with a scarce perceptible sarcasm; "and yet those promises are not kept."

He felt the rebuke; for the sincerity of his tone, when he spoke again, showed that the force of her words was not lost.

"This time, my child, you shall not charge me with neglect. This promise will be kept."

"You promise to tell me all?"

"Yes. You know not what burdens me—its overwhelming weight. Oh! my child, I am not as you see me for nothing! If you only knew!"

The aged head bowed; the worn eyes filled with tears. She was touched by his voice, by his bent and tottering frame.

Her spirit softened, and all the warm solicitude of a child for its parent asserted supremacy in her bosom.

"Father! Father! I have spoken too harshly. Forgive me! But, oh! you do not know what a trial has been mine, or you would not blame me. It is but just that I should ask what I have—you know it is. I will not forget myself again; but tell me—tell me, for Heaven's sake! or my poor heart will burst!" She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed the haggard cheek.

"I promise you, Eola, you shall know all," he said, folding her gently to him. "But wait—wait until to-morrow or next day. You shall hear why I am so trampled upon, why so weak and helpless. I already feel that I must unburden to some one. I can no longer stand without support in my dreadful misery. I know you will be a comfort—will you not, my child?"

"Oh! yes, yes; I'll do any thing I can, dear father; only tell me—tell me what all this means!"

"You shall know."

"Your promise is sacred now?"

"Yes."

"Then I will forget it, for a while, in other things I have to say. That wretch, Haxon, is coming again to-morrow!"

"Yes, he will be here. Oh—how I hate him. I could—"

"Sil! Remember, you are but a man; and God is ever watchful of the weak and oppressed, to judge and punish their persecutors. You will tell me, too, what power this is that Haxon has over you?"

"I said you should know all," and he spoke earnestly.

"Then, to what I was going to say: he is coming to-morrow, and will expect to find me agreeable to his wishes, resigned to becoming his wife. But he will be disappointed. I intend leaving Baltimore."

He looked at her, inquiringly.

"And you must leave, too," she added.

"Well both say adieu to Baltimore to-night!"

"No!" he whispered, fearfully; "we can not do that! He would hound upon our track, hunt us down, and finally pounce upon me, like a falcon on its prey! He would destroy me! It would send me to my grave! And you—you, my child—God only knows what you might suffer at his hands!"

"And is there no law to chain such a villain?"

"Do not speak of the law!" he half interrupted. "The law is my enemy!"

"Your enemy?" and she gazed at him, in surprise.

"Yes, a large one—Baltimore! Um! fear I've broken my umbrella over the dog." And he examined the article in question, with an air of anxiety. He appeared to set great value on it, and presently expressed satisfaction at finding it uninjured.

"I know sister will be glad to see you, Mr. Crewly."

"Chris. Crewly, without the prefix. Ahem! yes, no doubt of it. Are you going to put in your lick right away?"

"Yes, we shall strike now!"

"Been to see Forde yet?"

"Yes, and I'll him for both the certificate and the C. aut."

"So. Well?"

"He was willing to give me the certificate—"

"And you took it?"

"No—"

"Jackass!" interrupted Crewly in a tone of disgust.

"I wanted the crescent, too; and would not take one without the other—"

"Ninny! why didn't you grab at the chance? Um! Ah! like me—take what you get, keep what you've got and get more. See? Cardinal points of life, nowadays, my dear sir. Bad management—very bad. Tell him I was alive?"

"Sister wrote him a note in which she told him that."

"He wilted?"

"He is in a terrible state of mental excitement. But you shall hear all, pretty soon."

"That's what I want. Full particulars. I'm getting rusty."

"Would you believe it, he attempted my life, only last—"

"Vagabond! yes. Of course I believe. Gave me a quart of laudanum once, more or less. Overdose, rather. Chris. Crewly wasn't born to die of laudanum. Glad I didn't break my umbrella!"

They reached Broadway and entered a car.

During their ride they had much to talk about; but their conversation is not essential at this point. Blake was greatly pleased with the result, which is not surprising, when we consider that Christopher Crewly was—but wait!

The odd personage squirmed from his seat, with a nod, when Blake intimated that they must leave that car, for one of the Blue Line; and when seated again, he seemed to coil himself round himself, folding, turning, wrapping his legs, one with the other; and settling his elbows against his hips, and raising the handle of the umbrella to his puckered lips, he riveted his expressionless eyes upon the roof of the car, in an abstracted gaze.

Arriving at the boarding-house of Mrs. Lenner, they ascended to Austin Burns' room.

The woman in black was keeping unrelaxed vigil; and upon their entrance she started up, exclaiming immediately:

"Christopher Crewly!—you here?"

"Ahem! Yours forever—Hang it!" in bowing he dropped his hat, and stooping to pick it up, his umbrella tangled itself between his legs, tripping him most beautifully.

With a gutta-percha-like contraction of arms and limbs, he gathered himself up.

"Hang it! no, that is—didn't I say I was glad to see you? Excuse me. My umbrella, you see. Couldn't help falling."

It seemed impossible for him to smile; but he made up in cordiality, by dropping both hat and umbrella, as he warmly shook the white hands that were extended to him.

The articles were picked up at once, however, and deposited on a side-table—the umbrella across the crown of the hat—after which their owner seated himself, with a bump that jarred the room, and gravely surveyed the apartment.

"I wrote you a letter, Mr. Crewly—"

"Chris. Crewly. Yours forever—much. Yes, I got it."

"And that brought you—"

"On a goose chase!" he interrupted again. "Ahem! See, you didn't say, exactly, where I'd find you; and there was nothing to guide me but the heading to the letter. But you said 'come quick'—and I 'come quick'! 'I wouldn't do to make a fuss about directions, you know. Ahem! Been well?"

"Quite well—what is it, brother?"

Wat, Blake was near the lamp, busily engaged with overhauling the contents of the pocket-book he had secured.

His inquiry was called forth by an exclamation, as he held up to the light, a paper so creased as to be torn, and crumpled and soiled with bad usage.

"I have it!" he cried. "See; this must be it."

She arose quickly to examine the paper; and Crewly, with an eye to information, also left his seat to look at it.

"It was a check on the—National Bank, for five thousand dollars, in Louise Ternor's name, and bore date of Dec. 20th, 1883."

"Um! A forgery, I see," mused Crewly, aloud. "That sig. isn't natural. Where'd you get it?"

"Can it be, Wat," said the woman in black; "that he has forged this check?"

"It would seem so. You remember the paper alluded to in Louise Ternor's letter? And this, then, is the secret of Haxon's power over Forde. No wonder he was willing to persuade his daughter to marry the villain; for he clings to his reputation as an honorable man, next to his life. How fortunate, sister, that you got wind of Haxon's intended movements!"

"Upon me! I shall be pointed at, and hissed, wherever I go! Haxon is merciless; and he can bring this about."

Though her astonishment was great, she said promptly:

"Then we will retire from the world together, dear father! There are many little paradises, hid from the knowledge of those who call themselves 'friends,' but frown upon one whose fortune lasts not forever—and to one of these happy bowers we'll go. Can we not be contented in solitude, with each other's love? Disgrace—if that is what you mean—is nothing, compared to marriage with Harold Haxon! And I am sure, Austin Bur—"

"Don't mention him! Forget him. He can never be any thing to you!"

She saw that allusion to her lover invariably threw her father into a state depicting fear in every outline of feature; and though it was upon her lips to say that Austin was, and ever would be, her prince among men, his love her greatest happiness, her heart his own—she restrained, substituting:

"But, think of what I say. If there is disgrace to be met, let us meet it. Do not ask me to exchange marriage vows with Harold Haxon; for I never, never, never will!"

Harnden Forde did think, and seriously. Her words had given rise to thoughts which trained through his mind like masses of fire. That fire of reviving self.

His veins were thrilling with a new warmth as he weighed the assuring utterances of those ripe lips; and, looking into the blue eyes that beamed so tenderly upon him, he felt that his child was more than child, delicate of form and weak of muscle though she was—a sustaining prop, a comfort, a counselor, one who could smooth the thorns of life's path, and work the mind's field of barrenness and woe, until bright flowers should color the new-made soil with hues of joy.

All this he thought upon; and his form straightened, the weary eyes kindled to brightness, he smiled as he had not smiled for days.

"Be it so!" he said, at last. "We will fly! Then, if the worst comes, Eola, you will stand by me?—you will not desert me in the clouds that are sure to come?"

"I'll never desert you!" she replied, fervently. "Your sorrows shall be mine! Your trials shall be my battles!—and if ever the mists of woe are dispelled, and happiness is restored, then I will share that, too; for I am your child, and nothing—nothing can separate us!"

"Noble girl!" he cried, kissing again and again, the lips that moulded those words. "God give me strength, now! I will arouse! I will defy Harold Haxon, and his power! It is fixed—we will fly!"

"I am so glad to hear you talk like that! You are yourself again. Now, shall we ride out? You need fresh air."

"Yes; any thing."

She bounded away with a light heart. Forde ascended to his library, where he found faithful James still at his watch.

"James, order my carriage. I will remain here until you return."

"Yes, sir."

Forde's manner struck the serving man, as considerably altered since morning.

When the open carriage was driven round, Eola was ready, and she and her father were soon being borne, at leisure speed, toward Druid Hill Park.

The beauty of the day, and Eola's constant, merry chat, wrought great changes in Forde. Involuntarily, he found himself joining in her lively humor, and the fair girl applied herself assiduously to her task.

At half-past seven o'clock that evening, they were again seated in the carriage and being driven to the Camden station, where they intended taking the 8:30 train for Washington!

And why to Washington? There the admirable girl had hit upon a plan to divert her father.

The carnival!—that would call his attention from his troubles. And so they numbered two, among the thousands, who were pouring toward the National Capital, to witness the great *Fete-champetre*.

There were only two small trunks accompanying them; the rest of their baggage had been shipped to Philadelphia, in the afternoon, by the reliable James.

James, also, had a tiny perfumed note in his keeping, directed to Austin Burns.

In due time the cars were steaming away from Baltimore, and, with their departure, Forde vented a long-drawn sigh of relief.

Harold Haxon's prey was slipping away from him.

CHAPTER XV.

CHRISTOPHER CREWLY ON THE CARPET.

WAT, BLAKE and the eccentric individual with the umbrella, were old acquaintances, as was plainly indicated in the hearty shake of hands which followed the latter's salutation.

"How long have you been in town, Crewly?" asked Blake, as they continued down Pratt street at a rapid pace.

"This morning. All the way from Richmond by telegraph. Got your sister's letter a week ago—guess those rascals feel sore!" with a jerk of the head and a contraction of countenance.

"And you were looking for me?"

"Some. Been all round town, looking at monuments and gutters. Saw that villain, Haxon, at Guy's this afternoon."

"How did you happen so opportunely on the scene, just now?"

"Made up my mind to walk from one end to the other, of every street in the city. And if I didn't find you—um! I'd have advertised. Just finished up Baltimore street, and was hunting for a child's lodging. Your sister said, come with a jump—so jump I did; brought no baggage but a carpet-bag, and some scamp stole that at the depot; had this shirt on four days, etc., etc."

"Were there no directions in my sister's letter?"

"Yes, a large one—Baltimore! Um! fear I've broken my umbrella over the dog."

And he examined the article in question, with an air of anxiety. He appeared to set great value on it, and presently expressed satisfaction at finding it uninjured.

"I know sister will be glad to see you, Mr. Crewly."

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"Yes, it was!" declared Crewly, though he really had no idea what they were driving at.

"If this is the secret, then Austin shall soon be restored to favor. The power of the villains is broken. What more is there in the pocket-book?"

"Something over forty dollars."

"Ah! then we have taken their last cent from them?"

"I say," edged in Crewly, stroking his chin and looking attentively at the paper and the woman in black; "excuse me—but, now, ahem! what's it all about, eh?"

Besides being a friend, Crewly was, also, in their confidence; for, in half an hour, he was fully acquainted with the plans of Bret and Haxon, their exactions from Forde, their attempt upon the life of Austin Burns, and many other particulars.

"Um! Well, now they are villains. So, Louise Ternor's dead, eh? Glad of it. And this Austin Burns—unfortunate vagabond—where's he?"

"There," pointing to the bed.

"Eh? How?" He wheeled round, and as his gaze rested on Austin's pale face, he added, in a louder key: "You don't say so!"

"Sh!" admonished Blake; "he sleeps now. Do not disturb him."

"They poked him with a knife, eh?" continued Crewly, advancing to the bedside and contemplating Austin with a gaze of peculiar gravity. "Poor fellow! Wonder how it feels—a knife sticking into one's ribs? no—you said in the shoulder. Um! Well! well! well!"

Blake exchanged a few words with his sister, while Crewly was thus engaged, and she presently turned to him, saying:

"I've found my child, Mr. Crewly."

Again his lank limbs served him as a pivot, for he faced her with astonishing suddenness, and exclaimed:

"Found her?"

"Yes."

"Certain it's Ora?"

"Yes."

"Where's she?"

"In the next room."

"Don't say? Ahem! Now then, how'd you find her?"

"It's a long story, and the hour is late," said Blake, who had been advised during the afternoon of Marian's presence in the house.

"Sister will tell you, some other time. She must be tired now, having had no sleep for over thirty hours."

"Yes, Wat, I am tired. Had you not better call Mrs. Lenner?"

The old lady was summoned. Her first words were inquiries after the condition of Austin Burns.

"Well now, there!" she exclaimed, when informed that another room was wanted; "what on yearth'll I do! Rooms is scarce—"

"Not a particle of difference, madam," inserted Crewly, with a spasmodic breath; "just show me a straw you wash-bowls, and I'll curl up in that—ahem!"

"Oh! I know," added she; "if that darling little angel of a critter's a-goin' to sleep with you, Mrs. Wernich; why, then, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name?"

"Chris. Crewly," he prompted, with dignity: "Chris. Crewly, L.L. D. All the way from Richmond by telegraph. Lost my carpet-bag. Left my pocket-book on the piano. Yours forever."

"Aw's sakes! Did I ever! Why, you do talk just like a founin'-tea-kettle. But come on, an' I'll show you the way."

Christopher Crewly, L.L. D., not over-pleased with her comparison, straightened himself up and elevated his nose as he followed after her.

The door was hardly closed, when he pushed it open again, and strode back for his hat and umbrella.

"Excuse me," he said. "Can't leave these behind, you know. Ahem! Good-night."

Good-night, and he was gone.

Wat, Blake relieved his sister of her watch, and she retired.

Marian was slumbering sweetly when she entered the room—wandering through the Elysian fields of dreamland.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 80.)

The Ocean Girl:

OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

REVELATIONS.

FOR A WHILE, Ned Drake was so overwhelmed with excitement, that it was not easy for him to give any thing like a succinct account of his adventures; and when he recovered, Sir Stephen and Loo insisted on his taking a night's rest, ere he conversed much.

Sir Stephen then explained that the pirate, or buccaneer, (being in possession of the signals appertaining to the East India service) had signaled that a mutiny had taken place on board his ship, adding that, under the circumstances, they wished the Indianman to retain Ned, while they would land Grum and his fellows at the Cape, as runaways, where Sir Stephen Rawdon could reclaim them.

When Ned went on deck, preparatory to seeking his berth, it was midnight; and the clouds had risen where light had been just before; a long, ragged strip to the westward was opened up, and a clear, glaring flame of the sky, as pale as death, shot through it on the horizon. Into this Ned peered anxiously, expecting to discover the buccaneer, despite the gloom. But, though once he saw something like the white wings of a bird on the distant horizon, he could not be sure; at length he retired; and, thanks to youth and health, he slept, under circumstances which might have kept an older person awake.

Next day, the morning was fine, and promised to be hot; the ship had a fair side wind from near south-west, which it was easy to see had slackened since midnight. It had rained heavily, the sails were all wet, and the decks hung to dry in the fore-rigging.

Shed about five or six knots of headway. There was a great change in the weather; the water was bluer than ever it had been, lifting in long waves—scarcely a speck of foam, except about the ship; but, instead of having fled before the sun, or sunk below the level, the long white clouds had risen high to leeward, and were wandering away at the top, a sign of more work to come.

But for the present all was well, and the Indianman was alive from stem to stern; the decks were drying as clean as a table.

The reunited party—Ned and Loo quite delighted to be together again—seated themselves to breakfast, and in a very brief space of time Ned had told his story, to the surprise and admiration of his hearers.

Some little time having elapsed, comments and observations filling up the interval, the baronet seemed thoughtful.

"What manner of man is this Joseph Gantling?" said the admiral, in a musing way.

Ned described him accurately.

"Ah, well! 'tis strange I did not see his face the night he fetched you."

"He was disguised," said Ned.

"I thought so. How far back does your recollection carry you?" continued Sir Stephen.

"I must have been very little; but my earliest recollections are of a cottage near a lawn, with oaks in front, and a park where I played, and which once or twice I crossed, to a big house, where a gentleman would kiss me, and give me sweets; then he would suddenly cry, and send me away."

"Then—"

"Came darkness, gloom and night. A wretched hovel succeeded to the cottage, a huge cavern to the great house."

The hands of my watch pointed to the hour of ten, when we arose and ascended the ladder to the loft overhead.

Bose was perfectly tranquil, without a shadow of suspicion, and as I did not impart my doubts, he curled up in the straw bed, and in five minutes was snoring in his usual frightful manner.

I did not propose to sleep; I could not have done so had I tried; so, after extinguishing my dip, I employed my time in searching for a crevice between the planks that floored the loft through which I might be enabled to see what was going on in the room below. This I at last found, and noiselessly dragging my mattress over, I lay down and prepared to watch.

The woman still sat beside the cradle, but was no longer rocking it. Her hands lay idly in her lap, and her face, which now wore a look of actual alarm, was turned expectantly toward the door.

Thus, without moving an inch as far as I could see, she sat for two long hours.

Then came the change. And it was as startling as it was sudden.

Some sound without had attracted her attention. With a convulsive movement she started from her chair, but, as though her strength had departed, she sunk back with a smothered cry, wringing her hands as if in hopeless misery or terror.

That was enough to have convinced the most skeptical that something was wrong, and taking the advantage of the woman's moving her chair across the room, I hastened over and awakened Bose.

I was forced to nearly strangle the poor fellow to prevent his usual exclamation of surprise under similar circumstances:

"Golly, Mars' Ralp, what's de matter?"

"But I succeeded, and having seen that he was wide awake, I knew he was equal to any emergency."

I rapidly informed him of the situation, and while doing so, I heard the door below softly open and several persons enter.

When I got back to my place of observation and looked down, a totally different scene from the one of a moment before met my gaze.

The woman was still there, so was the cradle and its innocent occupant, also the sleeping child upon the rude trundle bed, but there were others, five of them, all rough, rugged, villainous looking fellows, heavily armed, and evidently ready and willing for any kind of work save that of an honest character.

As I scanned each face in succession, and finally came to that of a tall, raw-boned though exceedingly powerful man, I gave a sudden start of surprise, while a feeling of absolute terror took possession of me for an instant.

I had recognized one of the party who had attacked me at the wayside tavern, and knew that we were in the power of men who would show no mercy.

Bose, who had found another crack, made the same discovery.

"Good Marster, Mars' Ralp, dem's de same ones what we didn't kill at de tavern," he whispered, with his mouth close to my ear. I reached out and pressed his arm to enjoin silence, and then renewed observations.

The new-comers were evidently at home, the tall man especially, who I at once saw was the leading spirit of the party.

They spoke in whispers to one another while he conversed with the woman.

I caught an occasional word of her replies, such as "two hours ago," "seemed tired," and "are asleep long since"—not much, but more than enough to betray the fact that we were the subject of conversation.

Of course they did not yet know who we were, but that mattered little.

We were travelers, probably had money or valuables, and that was sufficient.

I presume it never entered their minds to do any thing else than cut our throats.

Gradually the caution that at first marked their movements and conversation wore away, and pretty soon we could, by close attention, hear all that was said, though they still spoke in low tones.

The point under discussion was, should they perform the little job at once, or be done with it, or should it be deferred until daylight.

The woman had told them that we were both well armed, and would probably fight desperately if we were aroused. Wait until morning, she argued, and then, after we had come down, was the better chance.

The dispute waxed warm for a time, but it was finally determined to wait, as the woman had suggested.

"Dis is wuss'n 't'other place, Mars' Ralp," whispered Bose.

"Yes, Bose. We are in a tight place. Here is no back window to creep out of," I replied, at the same time putting my mind to the task of devising some method of extricating ourselves from the difficulty.

Three of the men below had disappeared, probably gone into the other room across the passage, leaving the others on watch.

The woman again took her seat beside her babe, with hands folded in her lap, and a look of hopeless misery upon her face—sat silent and motionless.

So an hour or two wore away, and still I had devised no means of escape.

But at once an idea flashed into my mind, though I must admit it was suggested by Bose's movements.

He was silently fumbling with the half loose boards that constituted the roof above our heads, trying to remove some of them, or seeing if they could be removed.

That was it! Through the roof into the tree and thence to the ground by means of some of the stout grape-vines.

When one comes to remember that the work of forcing a hole through the tough clapboards had to be performed almost under the very noses of our would-be murderers, that the boards were dry and would rattle on the least provocation, and, worse than all else, that the dogs without were on watch, he can have some idea of the desperate risk we ran in effecting our escape.

Slowly, silently, yet with more ease than I had dared hope for, we took away three or four of the oaken slabs, and looked out and upward into the leafy arch above our heads.

Fortunately we found the night intensely dark, heavy clouds scudding, and a smart breeze rustling the leaves of the great oak, which in a manner served to drown the sounds of our work.

A last look down into the room, where the two villains sat sleeping in their chairs, and where the woman watched, and then to essay the exit through the hole.

In rising from my hands and knees a small penknife fell from my pocket upon the floor.

The woman started slightly, glanced up-

ward—a quick, furtive glance—and instantly lowered her eyes again.

She had heard the sound, knew that I was awake and moving, and yet gave no alarm. I saw in a moment that she wished for our escape, and the relief the knowledge brought with it was immense.

"Up with you, Bose," I said, and the active fellow drew himself upward and quickly disappeared.

When I got upon the roof he was not to be seen, but a low hiss from the foliage above told me of his whereabouts.

I followed, and a moment later we were seated in the main or lowest fork, where we paused to deliberate and gain breath.

The most difficult part of the undertaking had yet to be accomplished.

The gauntlet of savage, watchful dogs had to be run, and here we felt was the greatest danger of discovery.

But, just here, the woman again interposed in our behalf.

I heard the door open, and then a low voice calling the dogs, and immediately after a gruff voice from within demanding what "the deuce was the matter?"

I did not catch the reply, but heard the animals, who had answered the call, growling and scuffling for the bones that had been thrown them.

Now was the time, and instantly we both slid to the ground, and stole off toward the shed, where our horses stood.

Bose had succeeded in saddling his animal, and I was just tightening the girth upon mine, when suddenly, and without a moment's warning, the full pack of dogs made a rush toward us, opening in a chorus that made the valley ring with the infernal din.

A confused noise within the house, a loud oath or two, and then, just as I swung into the saddle, the door was thrown open, and out the two ruffians rushed, pistols in hand.

But they were a moment too late. We were off at a break-neck pace, down the steep declivity, and, although they opened a rapid fire from their six-shooters, we escaped without a scratch, though, to own up fairly, both of us were badly demoralized.

The pursuit was sharp, and persevered in until nearly daybreak; but we succeeded at last in throwing them off, and the following day rode into the little village of S.

Of course, we roused the neighborhood, but nothing was accomplished, the robbers having fled long before the "Vigilantes" reached the hut.



THE CRUSADER'S BRIDE.

The Crusader's Bride.

BY C. D. CLARK.

A WALLED castle, surrounded by moats and ditches, crowned an eminence overlooking one of the vast plains of Palestine. The surroundings were beautiful, as they could hardly fail to be in that land chosen for the favored people, the children of Israel, in the days of their glory. The castle itself showed the handwork of the Saracens, than whom no people in their day had grander ideas of the beauties of architecture. Groups of common people, Saracen soldiers and women were thronging in over the drawbridge, which was lowered, most of them carrying provisions for the occupants, except the soldiers, who disdained to be bearers of burdens.

Eight horsemen pushed their way through the groups of men before the castle and rode in under the massive portal. In their midst, his feet fastened on waving masses, and his hands tied behind him, was a mailed warrior, evidently one of the Crusading host. His armor was dented in many places, as with spear-head, sword and battle-axe, and he was a powerfully built young man, and would have been a bad antagonist to meet in a close battle. His helmet had been removed and a silken bonnet substituted, and from beneath this his brown hair dropped upon his matted shoulders in waving masses. His face was clear-cut and handsome, and he wore no beard save the drooping mustache. A glance at his face was enough to convince any one that he was an Englishman, one of that warlike race who followed Richard to the Crusade. He cast bold, defiant looks about him, but his glance lingered longest on his captors.

Say to the Emir that Ben Hassan, captain of his guard, would abase himself in the presence of the brother of the Sun, and brings him a Frankish prisoner, one of the Crusading knights of Richard, king of England," said the captain of the guard, speaking to an attendant. The man disappeared instantly and in a moment returned, with orders to lead the prisoner and the captain into the presence of the Emir. The officer at once dismounted and cut the bonds of his prisoner and assisted him to alight.

"By my knighthood, Saracen," he said, as he straightened his cramped limbs, "an unkindly deed you have done this day in debasing one of my blood and lineage with bonds. By the blood of St. Hubert, let me meet you once where spears are broken and you shall most dearly answer it."

"What does the infidel dog say?" said Ben Hassan, turning to an attendant, who understood the language of the prisoner. He repeated the words as nearly as he could.

"Tell this slave of the Franks that the race of Ben Hassan is as old as his own, and he will meet him fairly upon any field, and honor him by taking his life."

This answer was repeated to the prisoner, who bowed with a smile, saying:

"You have my faith to meet you, Saracen," and then remained silent as they passed through a succession of lofty halls, and entered a great room furnished with true Eastern magnificence. A clash of rude glittering instruments greeted them, and the captain bowed his forehead to the floor, signing to his prisoner to do the same. But he stood proudly erect, his fine eye flashing brightly, fixed upon the Emir, who sat upon a sort of raised dais or throne upon the other side of the room, surrounded by guards and attendants glittering in barbaric ornaments, who clashed their swords together and raised a shout of adulation as the Emir rose. He was a powerful man, with dark, forbidding features and a fierce, unforgiving eye. His dress was magnificent, and jewels glittered upon it which were in themselves a princely inheritance.

"Who is this dog who will not bow before me?" said the Emir. "Fall upon your face, if you would save your life."

"Ronald De Vere never yet bowed the knee to mortal man, except his king, who is a king among kings," replied the knight, haughtily, "nor is he likely to do so now, to save his life."

"What do you mean, slave?" cried the Emir, who was learned in languages. "Know you that you stand in the presence of the Emir El Zagal, the brother of Saladin. Upon your knees and beg for mercy."

"Saracen," said De Vere, proudly, "I am in your power, to do with as you may see fit. When I took up the sword in the cause of Jerusalem, I knew that I must meet danger, perhaps death, and I will not bend the knee."

At this moment a voice, faint and stifled, uttered a scream, and De Vere saw a lady who was sitting upon a low dais beside the Emir, half start from her seat, and throwing aside her veil turn toward him. He saw a beautiful face, not the face of a Saracen woman, but unmistakably English in every lineament. De Vere uttered a wild cry, for he saw the face of one he had loved, the daughter of an apostate who fought un-

der the banner of Saladin, but who had been a gallant leader under King Richard, Albert Marchmont.

"You here, Rosalie?" cried De Vere. "Oh, God, is it thus I see you again?"

"Do not speak of this now, Ronald De Vere," she said. "The son of your father has no right to feel pain when he looks upon the face of the child of Albert Marchmont. My lord Emir," she said, turning to El Zagal, "you have often said that you would grant me a great favor if I asked it at your hands. The time has come for you to redeem your vow."

"Name your wish," said the Emir. "It is granted already."

"I ask the liberty of this young knight, who, in the old days, was a friend of my father."

"You ask much," replied the Emir, "but the word of a prince is sacred. Stand away from him, guards. This knight is free, and Ben Hassan will have charge of the guard who shall conduct him to the place from which he shall regain his camp in safety."

"Thanks, El Zagal. You have redeemed your word nobly. May I now have permission to retire?" said the lady.

"Rosalie! can you leave me without a word?"

"No, a word first, Lord Emir, when I was with the Franks my father promised my hand in marriage to this knight. That time has passed, and I wish to return the ring he gave me then."

The Emir inclined his head, and at a signal from the lady one of her maids arose, and taking a ring from the hand of the lady carried it to De Vere. As she placed it in his hand she murmured something which seemed to restrain him while in the act of dashing the ring upon the marble floor, and taking a silken pouch from his belt, he placed it carefully therein, and turned to the Emir.

"Saracen," he said, "you have acted like a brave man, and it may some day serve your purpose well. I thank you; when have I liberty to depart?"

"At once," replied the Emir, "if you wish it. Have you nothing to say to the daughter of Marchmont, who was to have been your wife?"

"No, no," said Rosalie, hastily. "I would not speak with him, and with your permission will retire."

"And I have nothing to say to the woman who is as false as her father," cried De Vere, furiously. "Woe to him if we meet in battle!"

"The Frankish knight has permission to depart. You, Ben Hassan, will accompany him and see him safely within the lines of the English. That done return at once, for you have a mission to perform."

Ben Hassan bent low before the Emir, and retired backward, never turning his face from the Emir until he saw the great silken curtains drop before him. The knight saluted the Emir proudly and retired with him, and they returned to the court of the castle. During the bustle of preparation for departure, a page approached the knight slyly, and, without being seen, managed to place something in his hand, and the knight slipped the package, for it was but small, into the pouch which contained the ring. His arms had been returned to him, and he was himself again as he bounded into the saddle, and took his lance from the hand of a Saracen esquire.

Ben Hassan, with a guard of ten spearmen, was ready, and they clattered across the drawbridge, and rode swiftly toward the camp of the Crusaders, which was reached after a toilsome ride of some hours' duration. Here Ben Hassan left him and rode back, and the knight, taking the pouch from his side, drew out a little billet fastened with colored silk. He broke the thread, and ran his eye hastily over the contents:

"You have done me a great wrong," the letter said. "Though my father is a traitor to the true cross and his knightly oath, Rosalie Marchmont never can be untrue. I leave the Emir castle at daybreak two days hence for Saladin's camp. The guard will consist of ten men, under Ben Hassan, and will take the road by the Garden of Olives. If you are a true knight, wrest me from them, and let me end my days in an English convent, praying for my unhappy father. Farewell."

Rosalie. The young knight pressed his lips to the billet, and shaking his hand toward the distant castle, rode into the crusaders' camp, where he was warmly greeted, for he had been missed, and his faithful esquire had been found dead beside the way where they had been surprised by the Saracens and overpowered by numbers.

At the appointed hour, just as the sun rose, Rosalie Marchmont rode out of the Emir's castle, accompanied by Ben Hassan and a party of picked men.

The cavalcade moved on slowly among the dates and palms, and passed the olive garden which was the appointed place. Beyond them lay a little rise of ground crowned with low bushes, and beyond these the passes of the mountains which, if she once passed through, there was little hope of being able to cross again. Still no signs

of Ronald De Vere. He had then deserted her, perhaps consigned her to a fate worse than death, for she knew that the Emir had made proposals to her father for her hand, and the apostate looked on his suit with favor.

What is that? A spear-head glittered above the little eminence, another and another, until six knights and squires appeared in view, and dashed suddenly between Ben Hassan and Rosalie, with the ladies who were her attendants. Foremost among them rode a knight in complete armor, with sable plumes floating out from his helmet, and wearing over his armor an embroidered scarf which she had given, in happier days, to Ronald De Vere.

"Hence, infidels," cried the knight. "Your mission is peaceful and we would not meddle with you. Go in peace."

"Only with those who are in our charge," replied Ben Hassan, firmly.

"Then fight for them. Withdraw to the hill, fair ladies, and pray that God may defend the right."

The combatants drew back a little space to allow room to run their course, and charged. The Saracens sent a flight of javelins in advance, skillfully thrown, but as easily turned aside by the armor of the knights. The Saracens broke and fled, pursued by the knights, leaving two of their number dead upon the field. Ben Hassan alone bravely met the charge of De Vere. His javelin had failed, but whirling his cymetar in air he rushed on to meet his fate.

In vain he tried by skillful handling of his trained steed to avoid the English lance, and, piercing plate and mail, the tough lance-point stood out a hand's breadth from his back, and he rolled from his horse a corpse. De Vere shook the body from his lance-point just as his squire had cut down the only Saracen who had not fled. Leaving the spoiling of the slain to his companions who were coming back from the pursuit, De Vere took the arms and turban of Ben Hassan and laid them at Rosalie Marchmont's feet. She understood him. In weal or woe he was still her knight and only fought for her.

They brought her safely to the English camp, where she was kindly received and made one of the Queen's own maids of honor. Six weeks after, there was feasting and carousal in the camp and many a fagon was quaffed to the health of Ronald De Vere and his peerless bride. Her apostate father died in the great battle in which Saladin was so utterly put to rout, and was buried on the field with the Saracen dead. Rosalie never knew his fate, nor did her husband ever speak his name.

AGRICULTURAL ODE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The dew is fresh upon the grass,
And freshly stir the breezes;
Already from among the flowers
There comes the hum of bees.
They've shaken slumber from their wings,
And dive into the roses;
The farmers go into the field,
Armed peacefully with hoes.

The sun, stuck full of splintered beams,
Above the forest rises,
And into life his warming rays
Invigorates the fiesces.
The martins singing to the morn,
Fly round their little houses
I hear the bleating of the lambs
And lowing of the cowses.

The little lambs they triak about,
All full of tricks and ruses,
They try to tumble somersets,
And frolic with the ewees;
The peacock spreads right gorgeously
The tail he so much prizes,
And all the while he thinks that him
Peacocklorums eyeses.

The horses draw the plows and strain
The never-yielding traces,
The boys are plowing very deep,
Because they know it payes,
Them boys are smart; they've deeply read
In farmer Greeley's clauses
The wherefores and the whyfores of
The agricultural lawes.

They well know that, to make the plow
Run smoothly and with ease, is
To lubricate it well with oil,
And so the share they lube;
To run the furrows very straight
They sight along their noses,
So that the future corn may grow
In horizontal rowses.

I've studied agriculture, and
I think that much it pleases,
I've read Hoyle through, and Bunyan too
And with them I agreees,
I understand it practical;
Yet in general cases,
Prefer to lounge about the house,
And wait for rainy dayes.

Short Stories from History.

John Smith and the Turks.—The celebrated Captain John Smith has a life history as full of romance as an Arabian Night's Tale. His adventures in Virginia and Maryland are so stirring and exciting that to the boys especially he is a great hero; but his previous adventures in Turkey far transcend his later exploits in their novel character.

The narrative of this noted man's early life is left in some obscurity. When quite young he served in the Transylvanian army, where he greatly distinguished himself. In a battle near Rotenton, in which the Turks and Tartars were the victors, Captain Smith was severely wounded and taken prisoner. He was sold to the Basha Bogal, who sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, at Constantinople, accompanied with a message as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave.

The present proved more acceptable to the lady than was intended; and Smith became so much in favor, that to prevent his being ill-used or sold again, she sent him to her brother, the Basha of Nalbratz, in the country of the Cambrian Tartars, on the borders of the sea of Asoph. Her pretence was, that he should learn the manners and language, as well as religion of the Tartars; but from the terms in which the lady wrote to her brother, he suspected she had some other design, and resolved to disappoint her.

Within an hour after Smith's arrival, he was stripped, his head and beard shaved, and an iron collar put round his neck. He was clothed with a coat of haircloth, and driven to labor among other Christian slaves. He had now no hope of redemption, nor did the condition of his fellow-slaves alleviate his despondency. In the depth of his distress, an opportunity presented itself for an escape, which to a person of a less courageous and adventurous spirit would have proved an aggravation of misery. He was employed in threshing, in a large field about a league distant from the house of his tyrant, who, in his daily visits, treated him with abusive language, accompanied with blows and kicks. This was more than Smith could bear; therefore, watching an opportunity when no other person was present, he leveled a blow at him with his threshing instrument, which stretched him senseless on the ground. Smith then filled a bag with grain, mounted the Basha's horse, and basking himself to the desert, wandered for two or three days, ignorant of the way, but so fortunate as not to meet with a single person who might give information of his flight.

At length he came to a post erected in a cross road, by the marks on which he found the way to Muscovy, and in sixteen days arrived at Exapolis, on the river Don, where was a Russian garrison. The commander, finding that he was a Christian, received him courteously, took off his iron collar, and gave him letters of recommendation, by means of which he traveled through part of Russia and Poland, till he got back to his friends in Transylvania.

Hall of Tara.—In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved the fragment of an ancient Irish MS. which contains a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar, or Tara, which is very curious. It states that the palace of Tamar was formerly the seat of Conn, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffechar, and of Cathar Mor, and of every king who ruled in Tamar, to the time of Niall.

In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding *rath*, seven *dau*, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily; besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modelers and nobles.

The eating hall had twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, with tables and passages round them; sixteen attendants on each side, eight to the astrologers, historians and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs at each meal, divided equally to each side.

The quantities of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.